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MONTHLY

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

OCTOBER 1918

Poetry	Muriel Stuart
	John Drinkwater
	Ernest Blake
	Margaret Lyster
	Louis Golding
In the Jungle	E. L. Grant Watson
Soldier-Poets (v)	T. Sturge Moore
Reginald	D. H. Catterick
Spiritualism and its New Revelations (i)	Bernard Sickert
The Anniversary	Edward Garnett
The Problem of the Ex-Officer	Sydney A. Moseley
A League of Nations Again	Austin Harrison
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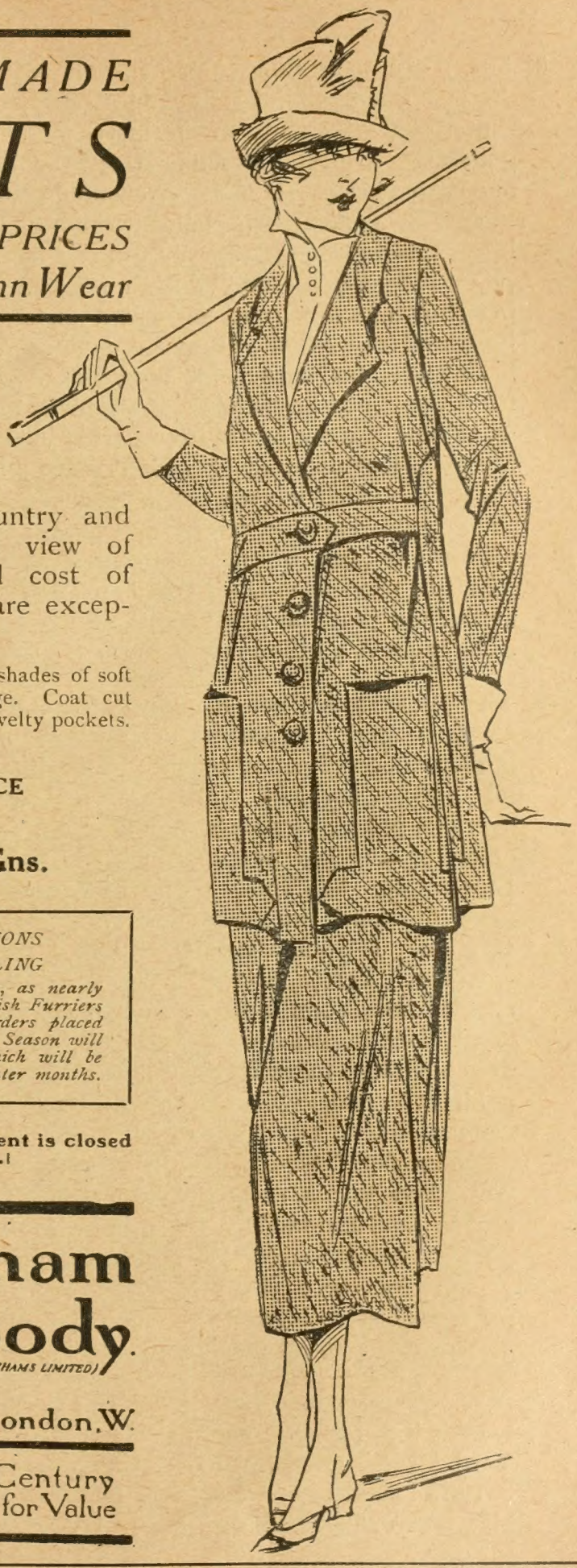

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¶ There are many things one has to do without this winter as far as dress is concerned, but it would be false economy not to have a winter coat. In spite of the increased cost of cloth and materials generally, it is still possible to get an extremely smart coat at a moderate price. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., have a specially attractive coat at 8½ guineas, which is very well cut and tailored, and can be obtained in soft shades of velour. It is made on plain, straight lines with the fulness becomingly arranged in front, and has a smart collar which fastens close up round the neck. It has a belt round the waist, deep turn-back cuffs, and large side pockets. It is a very smart coat for town wear, and any woman going away now for an autumn holiday would find it most useful for wearing in the country or by the sea. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody have a large selection of coats of all kinds, which include some very beautiful models in fine cloths and velvets, some fur trimmed. There are some handsome fur coats also to be seen in this department, which it would be well to purchase soon in view of the increasing price of fur. It might be mentioned that fur renovations and re-modelling should be put in hand at once, as the labour shortage will cause great delay later on.

Personalia

¶ The public-house pen is a byword; the post-office pen is a daft and damaged instrument; even the pens in the domestic writing outfit are egregious pretenders to literary ability; in short, there is no pen like my pen, which writes always just the same, gliding over the paper, stopping, stabbing a full point, or dashing a dash, cramping the last precious inch of the exiguous P.C., and never penetrating the flimsy telegram form—a veritable extension of my right upper limb, sentient to my brain, and impulsive with my emotion. I wouldn't part with that pen. I'd sooner break my pet pipe. Yes, a Swan, of course. I had it before all the new-fangled imitations came into existence, and still, that flexible gold point, with its iridium tips, springs, and glides as of yore, in spite of the endless miles of copy it has laid upon paper. My pen was a bit of a rarity when I bought it; it was rather a curiosity to country folks, but to-day the world has been converted to the personal pen, because it's a writing world from top to bottom. Nowadays one sees Swans everywhere; all our goose quills are Swans; and the modern Swan is just as good as the early Swan—possibly better; it certainly holds more ink; but the best is good enough for me. These modern Swan ink pellets are good, too, for travellers, soldiers, and sailors; a drop of water and a pellet, and you can go on indefinitely.

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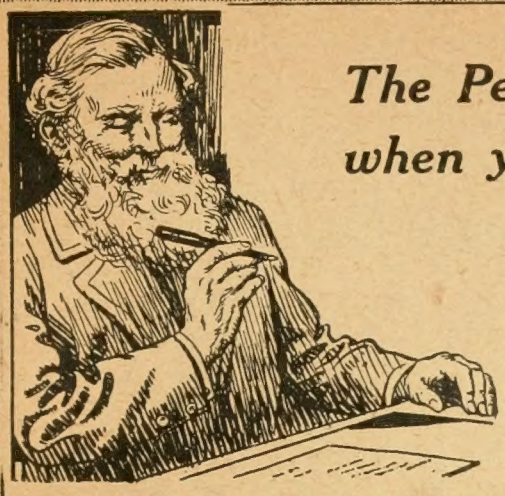
¶ All new styles in coats and skirts for autumn wear may now be seen in the costume *salon* at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Vere Street and Oxford Street, W. There is a large selection of beautiful models of every description at reasonable prices, so that all women will be able to find just what they want.



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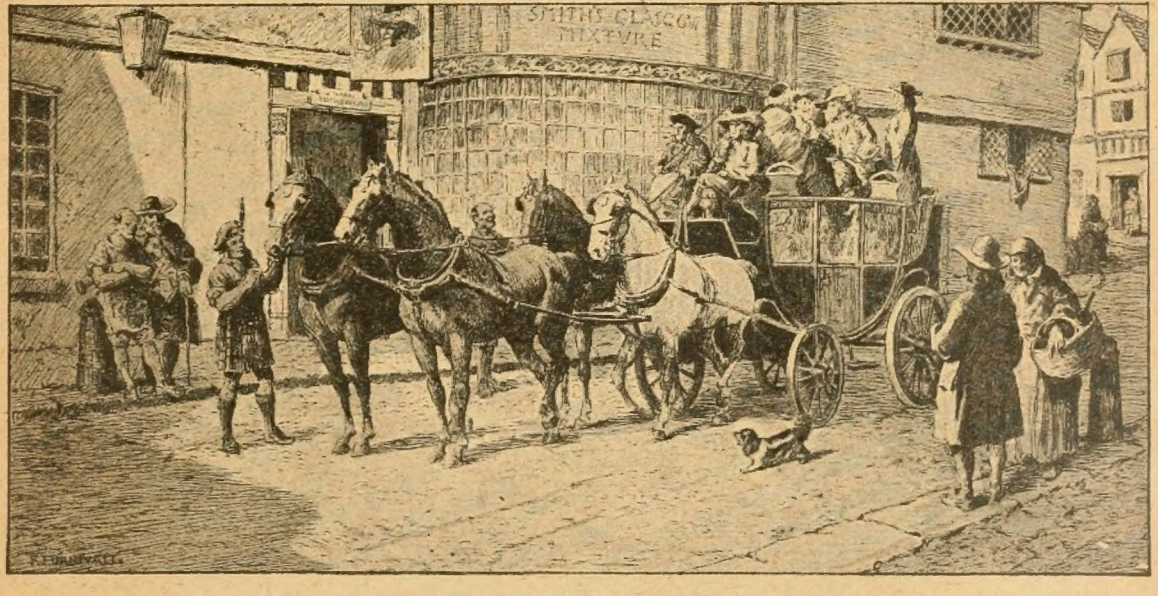

AFTER centuries of service the Stage Coach gradually disappeared with the extension of the network of railways. James Watt, probably the greatest of inventors of the steam engine, was born in the City from which emanates the celebrated pipe tobacco – "SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE."

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Truly, the name of Barnardo is one to conjure with; all the world knows of the splendid work the National Barnardo Homes have done and are doing. Since the war broke out 6,417 children have been admitted, and the total score of destitute little ones built up into sound and worthy citizens amounts to the splendid figure of 86,000 in fifty years. There is no red tape, no voting, no waiting list. "No destitute child ever refused admission" is the passport of about thirty little ones every week. We honour the name of the great-hearted doctor who had the faith to act upon this motto and the wisdom to make his homes a model for the world. On September 19th the anniversary of this great Englishman's death occurred; he left a splendid work behind him, in which we all can share. The need is pressing, and half-crowns are welcomed, or any Gifts to save the children for the nation, by the Hon. Director, William Baker, Esq., M.A., LL.B., at the headquarters, 18-26 Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1.

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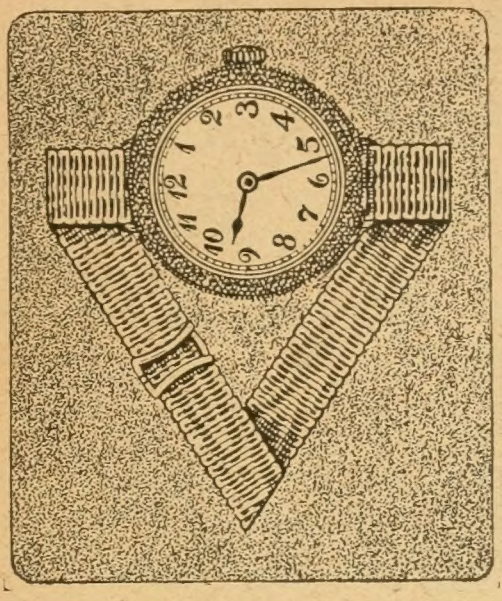

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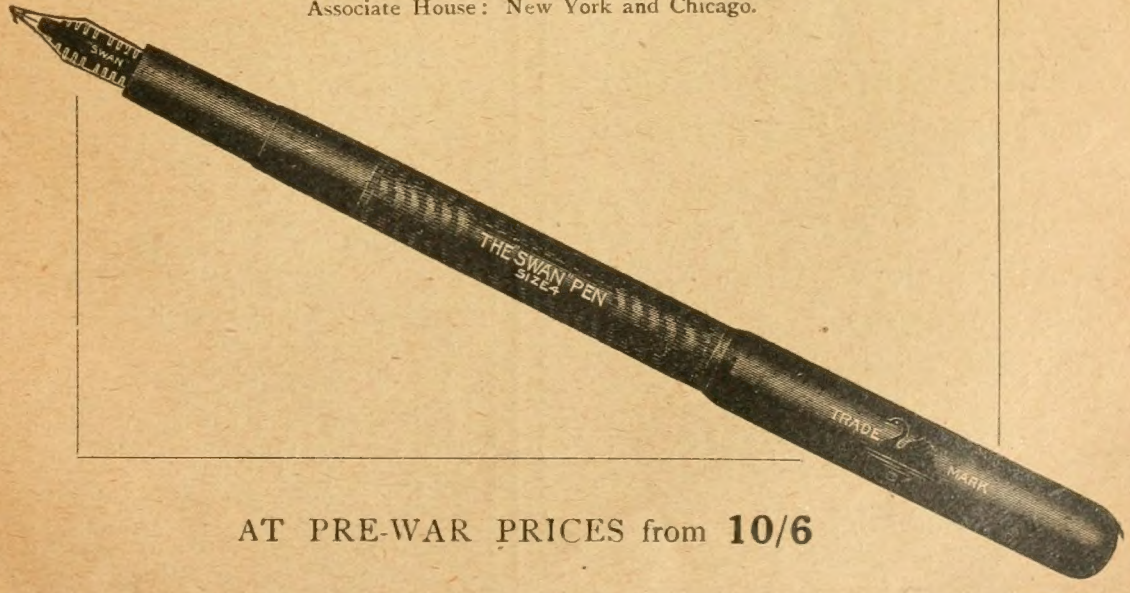

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

CONTENTS OF THE ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINETEENTH NUMBER

			PAGE
1.	MURIEL STUART	The Bastard	241
	JOHN DRINKWATER	At an Earthworks	243
	ERNEST BLAKE	Rebels	244
	MARGARET LYSTER	Song	244
	LOUIS GOLDING	German Boy	245
2.	E. L. GRANT WATSON	In the Jungle	246

[*Contents continued on page* xiv

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CONTENTS (*continued*)

			PAGE
3.	T. STURGE MOORE	Soldier-Poets (v)	259
4.	D. H. CATTERICK	Reginald	268
5.	BERNARD SICKERT	Spiritualism and its New Revelations (i)	273
6.	EDWARD GARNETT	The Anniversary	281
7.	SYDNEY A. MOSELEY	The Problem of the Ex-Officer	290
8.	AUSTIN HARRISON	A League of Nations Again	297
9.	MILES	The Turn of the Tide	308
10.		Books	311

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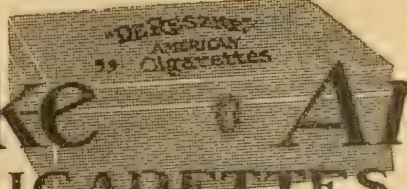

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The advertisements of Pope & Bradley are occasionally suggestive.

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor H Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

WANTED: A MINISTER OF MANDARINS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

Would it surprise you to learn that the crying need of the moment is for a new Official, a new Controller with well-nigh despotic powers?

Restrain your shudders, and let me point out the reason for this apparently foolhardy assertion.

We poor humble Taxpayers, who live in the outer darkness, to which we are condemned by Dora and her far too intimate friend the Censor, hear strange whispers of inter-departmental strife, and there is no frightfulness to be compared to the envenomed warfare which one podgy and testy old Bureaucrat will carry into another podgy and testy old Bureaucrat's camp. Speaking simply as a business man I have a faint knowledge of these uncivil wars.

What we really need is a Bureaucrat Controller, an Official Soother, a Tact Expert, call him what you will, to pour lavish oil on these creaking, grunting, rickety old machines. And where is such a man to be found? In the ranks of the theatrical managers?

"Return"

"Rilette's" picture is still apropos of nothing—nothing of the present, for the present has nothing to offer. The future is the only hope for the world, hence the mind wanders.

We need a *real* diplomatist, a man whose lifetime has been spent in persuading rival stars that each one is twinkling to the exclusion of the other, in convincing hostile comedians that each one has the real laugh of the other, in coaxing petulant but charming dancers to share the limelight in something like equal proportions. That is the real diplomatist, tested in a hundred wars, a hundred peace negotiations, and that surely is the man to deal with testy and bellicose old gentlemen and make them "in their little nests agree" to the benefit of the State and the entire business community.

If the General Election does come, with its propaganda "movies," let us hope that the theatrical profession will realise its duty to itself, and see that a tactful and experienced superman is returned from its ranks. He will have knowledge, ability, and understanding of human nature, but, for heaven's sake! don't damn him by calling him a "psychologist"—the only word which is more abused than "camouflage," and which always seems to me to convey the idea of a species of private detective who pretends to know more about other people than he ought to know. Leave "psychology" to the professional politicians.

In heaven's name, let us get on with the war!

* * * * * * * *

And getting on with the war the House of Pope and Bradley will continue to supply garments for shivering limbs during the cold period to Service men and young civilians. It regrets, on account of the wool shortage, it cannot afford to spare any materials for civilians over military age. Youth must be served first.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1918

The Bastard

By Muriel Stuart

HERE thou are safe as roses in the bud—
Safe from the wind that will not spare the rose;
Here thou art daily and divinely fed
On holy wine and bread
That none deny—my body and my blood,—
I housle thee, myself the sacrament,
And I am great with thee, as souls with God.

Lie close, in Love's first, safest house lie close,
Blind, breathless, undesirous, and content,
Hearing my blood sing o'er thee, like a lute,
Feeling my flesh as daisies feel the earth
Over them, round them, warm and very still. . . .
Oh! thou art so impatient of thy birth,
As in her blind hood gropes the daffodil,
As in the pale flower twists the rebellious fruit.
Lie still beneath this most unquietest heart,
For thou a calmer pillow shalt not know
Upon this side of sunset, nor shalt go
So careless of the steely hearts of men.
Thou hast the peace that men desire in vain—
The quiet men lose and cannot find again;
After, thou shalt not find such sweet repose.
Starlight and moonshine will not say thee "Nay,"
Nor the sun question thy divinest right—
The Password of the Portals of the Day,
The Freedom of the City of the Night;

The orphaned lily, the unfathered rose
Shall not disdain thy gold, unharming hair,
But men shall claim thee their eternal prey,
Hunt thee to Death, and hound thee to Despair,
Mark thee, and set thee loose, to take again
As they hunt each forlorn, defenceless thing,—
As I am hounded by the hate of men.

For us there is no pardon, pity none
Of all cold hearts beneath the pitying sun,—
Of all cold lips above the pardoning seas.
Behold us, foes of all Love's enemies,
With every hand against the hand of Love,
And we, the slaves of Love's swift tourneying,
Paying the slow and bitter price thereof.

Lie still awhile; thy beauty builds my shame!
The shame thou dost so innocently bring;
At thy beseeching blood my blood grows tame,
Thy body makes my own most wearisome,
And with thy kindling lips my lips become
Colder; within me something daily dies.

Yet, oh! most sweet, I do not quarrel thee,
For more desired thou art than chastity,
Closer thou art than eyelids over eyes,
Than kissing lips or clasping hands can be;
As flame in flame, as tide in tide thou art;
Nearer, much nearer, than myself to me:
I carry Heaven beneath my labouring heart.

But thou wilt lie no longer than Love lay,
Thou wilt weary of my body even as he,
And I again with body and blood shall pay
To the last farthing's ruthless penalty
The nights with Love, the days, the hours, with thee.
And when at last thy fashioning is o'er,
When flesh from flesh, when soul from soul, goes free,
And Love's poor house can give thee nothing more,
And thou break through the wearying bonds thereof,
I will seek pardon of thee on my knees,
And thou ask pity of God, or stones, or trees,
But not of men—we will ask naught of these—
I, the loving, and thou the seal of Love.

At an Earthworks

By John Drinkwater.

RINGED high with turf the arena lies,
  The neighbouring world unseen, unheard,
Here are but unhorizoned skies,
  And on the skies a passing bird,

The conies and a wandering sheep,
  The castings of the chambered mole,
These, and the haunted years that keep
  Lost agonies of blood and soul.

They say that in the midnight moon
  The ghostly legions gather yet,
And hear a ghostly timbrel-tune,
  And see a ghostly combat met.

These are but yeoman's tales. And here
  No marvel on the midnight falls,
But starlight marvellously clear,
  Being girdled in these shadowy walls.

Yet now strange glooms of ancestry
  Creep on me through this morning light,
Some spectral self is seeking me . . . .
  I will not parley with the night.

Rebels

By Ernest Blake

Now while this tingling ecstasy is ours,
When touch and look are barbed with strange swift fire,
When Life's a melody upon Love's lyre,
Charming our trancèd sense through golden hours;
Though hearts aflame reck not of faded flowers,
Time bides his day—ere glutted passion tire,
And only pale cold ashes mark its pyre—
Old tyrant Time, and waiting grins and glowers.

We will be rebels, dear, against his rule,
And, cunning plotters, thwart Time's envious sway;
Kind tolerance, with wise-eyed sympathy,
And self-forgetfulness, our hearts shall school
To keep alive, though passion wane and die,
Love's steadfast flame, when we are old and grey.

Song

By Margaret Lyster

Down the shadowed road of my heart
You run
Where the trees part
For the sun,
And ferns bend low
For the rain; pale wild blossoms bud and blow
Where secretly you go.

Wild impassioned flowers in my heart
You sow,
And others then depart.
Tears flow
For white flowers dead.
My love, your nimble hands did weave me red
Wild blossoms for my head.

German Boy

By Louis Golding

GERMAN boy with cold blue eyes,
In the cold and blue moonrise,
I who live and still shall know.
Flowers that smell and winds that blow,
I who live to walk again,
Fired the shot that broke your brain.

By your hair all stiff with blood,
By your lips befouled with mud,
By your dreams that shall no more
Leave the nest and sing and soar,
By the children never born
From your body smashed and torn:
When I too shall stand at last
  In the deadland vast,
Shall you heap upon my soul
  Agonies of coal?
Shall you bind my throat with cords,
  Stab me through with swords?

Or shall you be gentler far
Than a bird or than a star?
Shall you say—"The way was hid.
Lord, he knew not what he did?"
Shall you know that I was bound
In the noose that choked you round?
Shall your eyes that day be mild,
Like the Sacrifice, the Child?
. . . . German boy with cold blue eyes,
In the cold and blue moonrise

In the Jungle

By E. L. Grant-Watson

" Only a similar past can make similar. All is continuous for souls."

THE young doctor sat in a corner of the big dining-saloon of the Oriental Hotel on the island of Wainang. At a table by himself he watched the other guests. The faces of the planters and other white men who lived on the island interested him. He wondered whether they had ever allowed their imaginations to probe or their hearts to be troubled by the mysteries of the inland forests. Looking at their faces, he was inclined to believe that they held their minds in fast control, and continued on the even course of their business, with little thought for the alien life of their surroundings. These meditations were interrupted by the appearance of a dark, middle-aged man dressed in the usual white tunic of the tropics, who came towards the corner where Waring was seated. On reaching the table he leaned his hands heavily upon it, and, bending forward, spoke in a low, harsh voice.

"I'm told you are a doctor. Is that so?"

Waring looked up at the morose face bent so close to his own. He was surprised at the tone and attitude of the stranger, which was so direct as to be almost insulting. The man's face, too, was far from pleasant; black, pendulous moustaches drooped on either side of an ugly mouth, and there were folds of grey skin under the eyes, and in the eyes themselves a strained look.

"Yes, I'm a doctor. What can I do for you?"

"I want your services—my name's Garmore—you must come at once." He spoke thickly, with a certain hesitation, as if pondering something in his mind. "It's for an operation. You must come back with me. I'll drive you—— My God! an operation!" Then, while the corners of his mouth twisted down and his long moustaches drooped lower than ever, he gave a queer laugh that might almost have been a cough or a bark.

Waring had risen, and asked: "What is this operation that you want performed?"

For a moment Mr. Garmore gazed at him with an ex-

pressionless face as if he had not understood the question, then with a fierce energy flinging his words out. "I'm not here to argue. Get all your damned tools!" He half-raised his hand threateningly, then let it fall, and in a hoarse whisper of entreaty: "For God's sake, be quick! be quick!"

Waring saw that the man was overwrought, that questioning would be of little avail. "Very well," he answered, "wait here for me. I must go to the ship for my instruments. Sit here at the table. I shan't be gone long."

"No, I'll wait outside with my trap," the other muttered. "All these damned people stare so." Then in the same entreating tone: "Mind you, no time to be wasted." Then dropping his voice and letting each word fall distinctly: "The suspense is maddening, maddening, maddening!"

The doctor wasted no time. The journey to the ship was soon accomplished. Convinced of the seriousness of the occasion, he was thrilled too at the thought of a night drive through the much-dreamed-of and yet strange jungle to an unknown destination. All the discontented restlessness of youth had vanished. Here was action, perhaps adventure. The dull monotony was broken at last. Adventure, yes; he felt this was no ordinary case. He even suspected some kind of foul play, and his imaginative youthfulness was already at work embroidering the situation. It carried him so far as to suggest the expediency of putting a revolver in his pocket.

Within half an hour he was again in front of the hotel. Mr. Garmore had walked his trap up the road a short way and was waiting in the shadow of a clump of trees. He made no remark as Waring approached, and only when the two men were standing close together did he jerk out as if his patience could no longer hold. "Climb up, I'll follow you. Have you got all your tools in that bag?"

Waring nodded an affirmative.

"Well, jump up—be quick, be quick!" Then springing up beside him with great agility, he caught up the reins and started the horse at a canter along the road.

Sitting side by side on the narrow seat of the sulky, the two men were touching each other. Waring did his best to examine his companion with a sidelong glance. Mr. Garmore sat very still, with his head bent forward. He seemed to handle the reins mechanically as if from long habit, and his gaze was fixed in front of him in a

straight stare. He made no attempt at conversation, but at what seemed regularly time intervals lifted his chin with a jerky double motion, drew in his breath sharply between his teeth, and widely opened his eyes. Then his head would sink again into its melancholy fixed pose, the black moustaches emphasising the droop of his shoulders.

In the jungle on either side there was a great stillness, and the night was dark. Waring could see the stems of the trees glide by as the light from the lamps flicked them, and on the track just in front of the wheels there fled along white circles cast by the reflectors. All else was darkness. There was the darkness overhead, where patches of sky and stars were caught among intertwining branches, and the darkness of the forest undergrowth, which gave a moist odour of dense vegetation. There was no sound but the deep breathing of the horse, the thud of his hoofs, and now and then the hiss of Garmore's sharp inhalation.

On looking back upon that drive Waring remembered that before long his excitement died down, and his sensations became very simple and very pleasant. He had no fear and very little feeling of expectation. He seemed to have fallen into a trance—invoked, perhaps, by the monotonous and ever-shifting surroundings. He felt wonderfully self-sufficient and self-confident, and was for the time as instinctive as an animal. Somehow the sight and smell of the steaming horse in the dim light of the lamps filled him with recollections. He felt that he had been alive many times before, had experienced similar scenes thousands of years ago, and that death and what men call misfortune were small things. So deep did he sink into his reverie that he ceased to notice his companion, and when they drove into a small clearing and drew up beside a bungalow he was recalled to the sense of his present adventure with a feeling of faint surprise.

At first sight of the bungalow Waring had thought that it was quite unlit, but he saw as he now approached a shaft of light escaping from under one of the blinds. Garmore led the way on to the verandah and lifted the blind so that Waring could enter.

The room in which the young doctor found himself was the drawing-room of a man in good circumstances. A lighted lamp stood on the table. The furniture was of good taste and in perfect order, but in one of the large easy-chairs a woman was tied down. Her arms were tied

to her sides, her knees were tied together, and a rope twisted several times round her body held her to the chair. As the two men entered she looked up.

At the first glance of her eyes Waring felt his heart contract; he knew that he was in the presence of a suffering which was beyond his experience, and even beyond the reach of his imagination. And yet the look in her eyes was placid, and had in it an infinite resignation. He realised in that short second that the woman tied there was not afraid. There was no place in that quiet dignity for fear; perhaps suffering and long hopelessness had placed her beyond its reach. She was young, not more than thirty. What was most striking about her face were her eyes. They were wells of deep tranquillity which revealed the assurance of her soul.

Waring felt himself seized by the arm and pushed forward into the room. The pain of the grip made him turn. The face that confronted him was white and contorted with fearful passion. Irregular twitchings spread over the features, the eyes glittered with madness under the blinking eyelids. In his hand Garmore held a revolver. For some moments his emotion seemed too great to allow him to articulate. Then, raising both his hands and pointing the revolver at Waring, he stammered in words broken and disjointed, words leaping from his lips in deadly pain to tell the secret and torture of his soul: "Her heart, her heart! Cut out her heart! I must possess her heart, living or dead, living or dead! Dead if not living. For years she has hidden it from me, has shut her thoughts far from me, hated and despised me. At last I will possess her rebellious heart. Cut it out from her breast before my eyes! It shall be mine, mine, mine!"

He paused as if checked by some external force, as if silence alone could tell the extent of his madness and pain. The muscles of his face twitched violently, and he drew his breath with a shivering motion between his teeth. "Get to work!" he gasped. "Get to work!" Then with intense ferocity: "If you hesitate, I will shoot you! Then I myself will hack out her heart. I will have my desire!"

In the stress of those tense moments, Waring realised that to save either of their lives he must seem to obey. His bag he had put down on the table, and in taking a step nearer to it he came nearer to the woman. Again his

eyes met hers. Yes, he had been quite right; there was no fear there, but they gave no sign to him, no recognition of mutual interest. He had hoped for some appeal, some show of consciousness that she could help him, perhaps some suggestion of how he might help himself, but there was no expression save the tranquillity of mastered suffering.

The mood of his night drive had not yet altogether left him, and now, in spite of, perhaps because of, the danger of the situation, it returned with lucid strength. He recognised in the clear depths of her eyes, as in the night-enfolded jungle, the knowledge of his past existence. He also recognised the eyes themselves. In many lives they had inspired him, he had lived for them, died for them. They were as sure as eternity. They were eternity. They carried him away from the mechanical framework of life, so that he touched on mysteries beyond birth and death. He guessed that the whole history of mankind had been needed to produce their perfect tranquillity. In them life's fleetingness was conquered by what was eternal. He had met them generations ago, perhaps once, perhaps often. Their incarnations marked the epochs of time. Now the present instant, in isolation wrenched from eternity, demanded impossible and absurd things. The maniac's grip was again on his arm, and he felt the muzzle of the revolver at his temple.

With his thoughts strangely clear, he opened his bag. What he was going to do he was not sure, but clearly he was compelled to some kind of pretence.

Garmore scrutinised the many bright instruments that were there displayed. He whispered in a kind of ecstasy: "At last—her rebellious heart!" Something of the man's intense and tortured longing was conveyed to Waring by the trembling of the hand on his arm, and he wondered at the obstinate strength needed to produce such an obsession. The end of what frightful struggle did he here witness? He felt almost a pity for Garmore's stupidity—that his greed should be caught in so hopeless a desire. Hardly awake to his ordeal, he marvelled at the folly of the man's actions.

The muzzle of the revolver pressed very hard against the back of his neck impelled him to take a step forward. He had no plan, but he must do something. He must make time. But there was no time. The little ring of

metal was jerked painfully at the base of his skull, and he felt the hiss of Garmore's breath in his ear.

Taking care to avoid the woman's eyes, he bent over her and moved the light silk of her blouse aside. For a moment his hand touched her breast. At the contact his self-possession returned. He muttered something about the wrong instruments, and turned, with his back to Garmore, towards the table. A quick conviction told him this was his opportunity. Springing round, at the same time ducking his head, he fired from his pocket. He saw Garmore's pistol sway aimlessly in front of his face, then the figure of his adversary swayed towards him, falling full length on the floor.

After the sound of the shot a thick silence was in the room—a silence which to Waring seemed as if it must be eternal. Thoughts of past experiences rushed through his mind; the present instant was swept away on the flood of recollections. The man on the floor lifted himself laboriously on his long arms. He turned towards the woman, and there was in his face a look of hatred and despair. Then, as if conscious of his ebbing strength, his expression changed to one of disappointment. As he lowered himself on his elbows, blood welled from his mouth. He slipped forward and lay still.

At the sight of the blood-flow Waring, with a doctor's instinct, stooped over Garmore, turned him over, and, opening his coat and shirt, laid bare the wound. This attention to a professional task came as a relief. Garmore was still alive; the bullet had pierced his lungs, two ribs were broken, and perhaps some large artery was pierced. Absorbed by his interest in the wounded man, he had almost forgotten the woman. A movement from the chair made him look up. Again as he met her glance he felt as if his heart had been squeezed in a warm hand. Her assurance was as unshaken as ever.

"One moment and I will cut the cords," he said. As he spoke he felt embarrassed and that his words were inadequate. That he should have to loose her from physical restraint seemed grotesque.

"Thank you; then perhaps I can help you."

He cut the bonds and, seeing that she was stiff from her long-retained posture, helped her to rise.

She looked, now that she stood up, a very slight girlish figure in her white dress. He was struck by her apparent

frailty, and was filled with admiration at her quick recovery from so exacting a situation. With difficulty she managed to stand and moved her limbs, testing their new-won freedom as some grave child might test the mechanical workings of a toy.

"I am a little cramped," she said, "but will be all right in a moment." He held out his arm, which she took for her support.

"Have you been here long?"

"Yes, some hours." Quickly she avoided his eyes, as if unwilling to communicate the awfulness of that time. "But, tell me, is he dead or dying?"

"He's not dead, but badly hit. Are you his wife?"

"Yes."

"I might be able to save his life. I can't tell yet how bad he is; his soul's malady will be more difficult to cure." He paused, as if making up his mind. "His sufferings must have been great," he said, and looking straight at her and speaking with deliberate emphasis: "It would be easy to let him die. He might thank me for so easy an escape from life."

She looked straight back at him, her eyes shining with kindling excitement. "Let him die! Let him die! He has suffered enough."

To the blaze of her daring his admiration went out with enthusiasm. This woman had the courage to kill. She possessed a brain, clear-seeing and brave, that triumphed over all prejudice. His glance showed all his admiration; before it her eyes wavered a moment and dropped.

In front of her Garmore was lying on his back. His head was twisted sideways, and a long expanse of grey neck was visible. His shirt was pulled aside, and from the wound in his chest a little blood trickled. His mouth was open, and from it and from his nostrils small and irregular streams of blood were flowing. He breathed with deep effort and some spluttering. For a few seconds she looked down at the prone figure, then with a quick, impulsive movement she turned and gripped Waring's arm. "Save him!—you must save him! It's my will that he should be saved." Her voice was pleading, almost desperate, having in it elements of fear and doubt.

"You know yourself it were better for you both if he

were dead. Death is nothing so terrible. I have seen death many times, and I know. Death is better infinitely than madness."

"Yes, for oneself, but you must save him. He valued his life." She paused, as if still held in the trammels of a logical mind; then shaking herself free of the last remnants of clear judgment and surrendering to emotion: "*I* must save him—I must, and you must help me."

Oblivious of everything but the life of the stricken man, she took Waring's hand and stepped towards her husband. "Quick!—do all you can. Together we must save him."

For an hour they worked, Waring giving of his best. He found in Mrs. Garmore a practical intelligence which always offered the right assistance. While they were working two very scared-looking black servants came in at the open door. They gave no explanation of their sudden appearance and asked no questions, but seemed anxious to be of use.

At the end of an hour Waring was able to say that Garmore's life was no longer in danger. With the help of the servants he carried the sick man into his room and laid him on his bed. To let in cooler air, he opened the screened doors that led to the verandah. A flood of moonlight poured in, and the world outside was revealed in grey, black, and shining silver. There was no lamp in the room, but there was sufficient light for Waring to see that Mrs. Garmore had followed and now stood by her husband's bed.

"You see, he is now in a deep sleep," he said. "The case has taken a good turn. If he gets plenty of air he should sleep now for four or five hours, perhaps longer." After a pause, during which he stared out into the moonlight, he said abruptly:

"There is nothing more I can do here. The servants can keep watch. I want to see the jungle at night. I shall sit out on the verandah."

She did not answer immediately, but spoke to the servants in their native tongue. Then stepping into the moonlight she led the way on to the verandah.

"There are chairs at that end where you can sit." Then for the first time showing exhaustion: "I have ordered water; I am terribly thirsty."

He begged her to sit down while he fetched water,

but in a few moments one of the servants came, bearing tumblers with water and limes. They both drank deeply and were refreshed by the acid drink.

For some minutes they sat still without speaking. The small clearing and garden shone very white in the moonlight; beyond it a black wall of trees thickly interwined with creepers raised an enclosing barrier to the small precincts of man's activities. Here and there the glaucous surface of a leaf glittered in the moonlight like a mirror among heavy masses of foliage. Then a gust of wind, like some faint message from the jungle, touched their faces and was gone. Waring found it difficult to break the silence, but was determined to hear the story of the night's adventure, which was so far removed from the ordinary destinies of mankind. He spoke at first with diffidence. "Tell me what had happened before I came. Now it all seems remote, but that's because everything in this cool moonlight is so restrained. . . . It was real enough."

"There is so little to tell," she said simply. "You heard him. He's jealous. He's always been jealous."

"But that was madness, no ordinary jealousy."

"Of course, this was the climax; but he's often been nearly as bad, violent. . . . He has never liked me to have friends—not even women. His own children he is jealous of. That's why he has sent them away."

She spoke with such composure and with such absence of complaint that Waring felt, as no tears could have made him feel, the long pain of her ordeal. In his sympathy he stammered for words. "But this—this . . . has not always been there?"

She bent forward, resting her hands on the small table on which stood their tumblers, and looked at him with an intense gaze like that of an excited child. "Yes, always. You see, I wanted to keep part of my own life to myself. To be myself inside—to be free—to—to escape always. I hated what people call love. I had to escape with my mind. . . . I did escape."

"Escape? Where to?" he asked, not sure that he followed her drift.

"Into the jungle. My mind escaped. There are the trees and the old gods. Gods as old as life and as creation. The natives know all about them, and they know that I know; not that I ever call them by names. I never speak

to them of any of it. But they understand. That's why they stay with me. . . . My husband frightens them; I think, hates them because I am their friend. To-day he locked them into a shed, saying he would burn them if they tried to escape." She was silent for a while, then sitting very upright and looking round at the dark range of the trees. "This prison"—she paused over the word—"is really, is really my escape. I understand the jungle; even its cruelty and fierce procreativeness does not frighten me. I knew there is a spirit which is outside the reach of its cruelty and can mock at its incessant and ever-changing growth. . . . That I feel." She looked at Waring bright-eyed, full of excitement. Then, sitting back in her chair, she suddenly returned to her usual composed self. "My husband hated that I should live in that sense. He was obsessed by the desire of possession."

"Oh, you are free," Waring exclaimed, "freer than anyone I have ever met!" His young enthusiasm carried him on. "In the whole world there is that spirit you speak of manifested in every form. . . . Nothing could take away your freedom, not even happiness. Happiness can give greater freedom, greater expression."

Very tense he waited after this outburst. He felt as if he had said too much, yet had not said enough. The flow of his words was drowned by waves of emotion. He wished to worship her as a being infinitely superior, and at the same time to protect her as he would a child from all the pain of life. Her features opposite him in the moonlight filled him with joy, and his consciousness of their sympathy seemed to justify very adequately his existence and all the æons of evolution.

He sat mutely looking at her. The moonlight falling on her features seemed to petrify them into some pristine form that must endure for ever. They seemed more than the features of a woman. They were the formed symbol of all his hopes. They contained all his imaginings, all his dearest dreams. And as he watched her, the silence seemed to lay cold, strong hands upon him and shake him till he trembled. At first she had been looking at him, but now her eyes were cast down. He felt that his breath had become heavy and deep-drawn, and that unexperienced emotions were struggling for expression. So fierce was the surge of them that as he rose from his chair he trembled violently and his teeth chattered.

Mrs. Garmore also stood up. She raised her head now, looking him very straight in the eyes.

"I can't bear being touched," she said. "You mustn't touch me."

He paused, checked by the chill of her words. "I want you to live!" he said. "Come away—don't kill yourself any longer. . . . I wouldn't touch you against your will. But life is beautiful through joy. Joy is greater than sorrow, greater than sacrifice. Where there is joy there is no need to escape. Freedom then is the whole world. Joy is life triumphant, is life that succeeds."

Deeply moved by this appeal, she felt his great challenge of youthful life and love had been flung against her strongest defence. She stepped towards him, fighting now in earnest.

"There, take my hands." She spoke desperately, with tears not far away. "You feel they are cold. They don't feel you. They are dead; I have killed all that. See, you can hold them; I don't feel anything."

Pity wrung his heart to think how much in her life was desolate that should have been sweet with flowers. She saw the pain in his face, and, misunderstanding it, also felt compassion. "Oh, boy!" she said, "be sensible. There, sit down. I have had so much love offered me. I don't want it. Not now. I have killed so much in myself. I want to remain as I am. Besides, I shall stay here."

"What, to have your heart cut out?" he cried. "You can't go back to that madman!"

"He will need nursing."

"Yes, of course, but almost anyone could do that. You two are not mated. It will only be torture to you both if you stay. You know that jealousy like that can never be cured."

She did not answer at once, and he watched her impatiently. They stood now close to the rail of the verandah, and she was gazing out into the jungle as if there she might find guidance. Slowly she said: "After this he will be different; he will need help." Then looking at the young man with great tenderness: "Freedom for different souls needs different forms. I must continue my life, and it *is* my life. I have given many years to it. But, oh, I am grateful that we have met! Your hopes and youth you carry with you. Do not forget what you said about joy being greater than suffering, greater than sacrifice."

He was puzzled, and had a suspicion that she might be smiling at him; or did she really believe in what he had said? Her serious eyes made him think that she was in earnest; but how could he answer her? He felt he could only expose his lack of experience and whole-hearted adoration.

"The hopes you speak of have only lived since I have seen you," he said. "I want more than gratitude. I can give you nothing. It is I who am asking."

She was anxious to read him and to find him without guile—was glad of his lack of knowledge and of the wonder and expectation of his soul. In her eyes he read a very womanly tenderness; her face seemed to him then to have the openness of some fair landscape, where the beauty of a far and tranquil country was revealed.

"Very well, do not call it gratitude," she said; "names always spoil things." Then very anxious that he should understand her meaning: "Don't you see that nothing can be better than the moment? Desire and hope always lead back in a circle."

Half understanding her mood and half doubting, he broke in: "But just now you told me to remember my hopes."

"Yes," she smiled, "you catch me talking in contradictions. Then hope always to love the rare moments that the good gods send you."

"But life is continuous. Life is hope *and* desire."

"That's why you must go. Don't you see how separated we are?" She spoke now with an almost joyful enthusiasm. "Go before there is time for any blunder. Look, it is almost dawn. Go before the sun rises." Then seeing that he was about to protest, she broke off. "Nothing can alter me. I am going to stay here. . . . I shall want you to send me help from the town—the doctor that is there. . . . Don't say anything; leave all that to me."

All argument gave way before the strength of her purpose. He felt heavily upon him the shadow of the years of suffering which separated their lives. By force of her conviction he also believed that she was right, and that those years could not be bridged. He was wrung by pity for her sacrifice, and wanted desperately to serve her.

"If I can ever help you, will you let me?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Now go, go quickly, and never, never come back. Good-bye."

Tears were in her eyes and in her voice. She turned and ran into the house. . . .

Waring, left alone on the verandah, was dazed by the painful wonder of his adventure. He had met life vividly and unexpectedly, and had learnt that he was its slave and not its master. The dawn was breaking, and all that was left for him was to go, as was her bidding, before sunrise. Out in the clearing he met one of the native servants sent by Mrs. Garmore to drive him back to the town. Once on the way, Waring spoke no word to his companion. He was in no mood for talking, and the native remained silent.

In the light of dawn the jungle appeared in a new aspect. The night's adventure had lent to it both intimacy and significance, and Waring discovered that the dark shades and heavy masses of glistening leaves now produced strange emotions of fear, astonishment, and regret. So vast a strength of vegetable growth terrified his imagination, yet he was thrilled at the wide spaciousness offered for escape. A prison and an escape! He wondered whether its long-extinct aborigines had found in it perfect freedom. And as he watched the numberless stems and creepers twisting and climbing in incessant growth he guessed at the power of life, which urges forward, recklessly crowding upon itself in its profusion. He comprehended the striving of each particular plant towards the light. There were the seeds, the buds, the stems, the flowers, the fruit, and ultimately decay. He thought of all the infinite lives in the jungle which were devoured by other life and went to nourish it; then beyond, and yet forming somehow a part of this restless cycle of life and death, he felt the great and enduring peace of the jungle. It was a wonderful tranquillity to which every little leaf and tendril, every breath of air ministered. This tranquillity which ruled in the midst of so much conflicting and turbulent life he guessed was as deep as space. It would endure until the death of the world. It was the jungle, yet, though the jungle would change, it would remain. He imagined the earth growing cold in the distant ages of time. Snow would fall, making of the tangled vegetation a smooth plain, and while the snowflakes would drift down through the grey mist the same tranquillity would be there, silent and eternal.

Soldier-Poets (v)

By T. Sturge Moore

When we first admire a person after death we are apt to feel a kind of joy that he is now unalterable, not to be pottered over or finicked with or painted out for some supposed improvement. In spite of reason we cannot really regret Keats' maturity, much less his old age. As we have been prevented by centuries from sitting on the jury which banished Pheidias we dote on his maimed and footless Theseus and doubt whether the marble has not been improved by rough-handed time, while we neglect or patronise the young sculptor in whom a like creative force struggles against the odds, with our long-established apathy. Only if we have followed its growth with all our hopes, a life seems broken through, snapped off, and its promise wasted by early death. Then we wonder whether it is civilisation or barbarism that defends itself at such a cost. And the failure to preserve at least those who were creatively gifted from exposure seems proof that our foresight was at fault, or our scale of values inadequate.* Sorley, the youngest and, it may be, the most hope-inspiring of our poet soldiers, has set me musing thus. He is so fine, Death seems to have saved him from misshaping Life.

His language is poor and thin, but it moves powerfully, and constantly suggests organic forms. This is most unlooked-for in a tyro. Sensuous images are extraordinarily persisted in and as strangely few. Rain, wind, running, one particular spot on the downs where four grass tracks separate east, west, south, and north, from a tall weathered signpost and the " red-capped town " of Marlborough, where he was at school—these images return and return, ever freshly applied; but there is no hint of the neighbouring Savernake forest, it had too much the character of hostility to free movement. This young mind runs tirelessly, with ever-revived pleasure, through an open, wet, bleak, grey land, as once the

* *Marlborough and Other Verses*, etc. C. H. Sorley. Cambridge University Press. (Quotations by permission of Prof. W. R. Sorley.)

boy clad only in jersey and shorts raced over the dim downs cloaked in rain.

THE SONG OF THE UNGIRT RUNNERS.

We swing ungirded hips,
And lightened are our eyes,
The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize,
We know not whom we trust
Nor whitherward we fare,
But we run because we must
Through the great wide air.

The waters of the seas
Are troubled as by storm.
The tempest strips the trees
And does not leave them warm.
Does the tearing tempest pause?
Do the treetops ask it why?
So we run without a cause
'Neath the big bare sky.

The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize,
But the storm the water whips
And the wave howls to the skies.
The winds arise and strike it,
And scatter it like sand,
And we run because we like it
Through the broad bright land.

The downs have another hold on him; not only are they good to course at a long swinging run, they have preserved huge stones, earthworks, and chiselled flints that tell of prehistoric lives:—

STONES.

This field is almost white with stones
That cumber all its thirsty crust.
And underneath I know are bones,
And all around is death and dust.

. . . . .

O, in these bleached and buried bones
Was neither love nor faith nor thought.

But like the wind in this bleak place,
Bitter and bleak and sharp they grew,
And bitterly they ran their race,
A brutal, bad, unkindly crew:

Souls like the dry earth, hearts like stone,
Brains like the barren bramble-tree,
Stern, sterile, senseless, mute, unknown—
But bold, O, bolder far than we!

Against this wet, bleak, strenuous background of his predilection the young man's thought is astonishingly keen, fresh, and mature.

" I," he says in the title poem, " Marlborough,"

> Have had my moments there, when I have been
> Unwittingly aware of something more,
> Some beautiful aspect, that I had seen
> With mute, unspeculative eyes before;
>
> Have had my times, when, though the earth did wear
> Her self-same trees and grasses, I could see
> The revelation that is always there,
> But somehow is not always clear to me.

Here he introduces as an image " Jacob's return from exile," and ends it :—

> For God had wrestled with him, and was gone.
> He looked around, and only God remained.
> The dawn, the desert, he and God were one.
> —And Esau came to meet him travel-stained.
>
> So, there, when sunset made the downs look new
> And earth gave up her colours to the sky,
> And far away the little city grew
> Half into sight, new-visioned was my eye.
>
> I, who have lived, and trod her lovely earth,
> Raced with the winds and listened to her birds,
> Have cared but little for their worldly worth,
> Nor sought to put my passion into words.
>
> But now it's different; and I have no rest
> Because my hand must search, dissect and spell
> The beauty that is better not expressed,
> The thing that all can feel, but none can tell.

Words halt behind thought and feeling. After vision and inspiration have been aroused by experience, even the best poetry may seem lame. But Sorley was conscious of another reason why " Beauty is better not expressed." He knew that it would not be welcomed. He had reached that stage when the soul reacts against parents, masters, and the world that has fostered it. He was a rebel, an unusually clear-eyed and affectionate rebel, who did not only feel that things were wrong, but could point them out with an unerring finger.

> O come and see, it's such a sight,
> So many boys all doing right:
> To see them underneath the yoke,
> Blindfolded by the elder folk,
> Move at a most impressive rate
> Along the way that is called straight.
> O, it is comforting to know
> They're in the way they ought to go.
> But don't you think it's far more gay
> To see them slowly leave the way
> And limp and loose themselves and fall?

O, that's the nicest thing of all.
I love to see this sight, for then
I know they are becoming men,
And they are tiring of the shrine
Where things are really not divine.

I do not know if it seems brave
The youthful spirit to enslave,
And hedge about lest it should grow.
I don't know if it's better so
In the long end. I only know
That when I have a son of mine,
He shan't be made to droop and pine,
Bound down and forced by rule and rod
To serve a God who is no God.
But I'll put custom on the shelf
And make him find his God himself;
Perhaps he'll find Him in a tree,
Some hollow trunk, where you can see.
Perhaps the daisies in the sod
Will open out and show him God.
Or he will meet him in the roar
Of breakers as they beat the shore?
Or in the spiky stars that shine?
Or in the rain (where I found mine)?
Or in the city's giant moan?
—A God who will be all his own;
To whom he can address a prayer
And love him, for he is so fair,
And see with eyes that are not dim,
And build a temple meet for him.

Yes, the actual world is more hospitable and more inspiring than the scenery, the panorama that English conventions paint and hang round the young, in part to help prepare them, but in part also to delude them and disguise our own fears and failures. Truth provides a roomier house than the average Englishman has hired for his boys. Yet Sorley knew and felt that he had been unusually lucky in this respect. After leaving school he went to Germany for some months, and loved the life he saw in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He was reading the Odyssey, no longer one hundred lines at a time, but for his own pleasure, in long draughts, and was struck by the resemblance of the life he found about him, in that foreign place, to that he was reading about. He saw many things in Germany that were wrong, but it seemed to him that, as a nation, they had something to live for, while the English had struck him as lacking an adequate goal for effort. War was declared and he had to hurry across the frontier; in Cologne station he notes the various attitudes of the nationalities, Americans in a bustle for themselves, Germans in a bustle, too, but for the Fatherland, " dark uprooted Italians peering from the squeaking trucks . . . Cassandra from the backmost car looking steadily down on Agamem-

non." He was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant before August was out, and by December he writes :—

LOST.

Across my past imaginings
Has dropped a blindness silent and slow.
My eye is bent on other things
Than those it once did see and know.

I may not think on those dear lands
(O far away and long ago)
Where the old battered signpost stands,
And silently the four roads go

East, west, south and north,
And the cold winter winds do blow.
And what the evening will bring forth
Is not for me nor you to know.

Yet outwardly he was not at all " lost " in camp life, but held his own, was popular and successful, and did not know what ill-health was. Promoted to a lieutenancy in November, 1914, he crossed to France in the following May, and was gazetted Captain in August, 1915, being killed near Hulloch on October 13th that same year.

Once he wrote home wondering what kind of a life he would take up after the war :—

" Sorley is Gaelic for Wanderer. I have had a conventional education : Oxford would have corked it. But this (the war) has freed the spirit, glory be ! " Many, many must have felt freed from the tyranny of England by the mere fact of fighting for her against the tyranny of Germany. The tyranny of peace in half-baked countries like those we know, though less apparent than the tyranny of war, was perhaps more deadly to spiritual freedom; no Government yet established has deserved immunity from attack either from without or from within; that their constitutions should change smoothly and, if it may be, swiftly, is the one possible hope for them all.

Much later Sorley writes :—

" I am now beginning to think that freethinkers should give their minds into subjection; for we, who have given our actions and volitions into subjection, gain such marvellous rest thereby. Only, of course, it is the subjecting of their powers of will and deed to a wrong master, on the part of a great nation, that has led Europe into war. Perhaps afterwards I and my likes will again become indiscriminate rebels. For the present we find high relief in making ourselves soldiers."

No subjection can be wholesome and no master right

for long. We must be freed in order to subject ourselves to better rules. No adequate rule has yet been conceived, even by the finest conscience. From prison to prison, or, rather, from enlargement to enlargement, men must advance or stagnate and die.

There was no black and white brutally juxtaposed in his vision of the European War, and he was shocked to find so many imbued with this childishly simple sense of utter contrast between the Allies and the Germans, and he seeks refuge with one correspondent, to whom he can safely put in a plea for a more rational view of the enemy.

"So it seems to me that Germany's only fault . . . is a lack of real insight and sympathy with those who differ from her. We are not fighting a bully, but a bigot. They are a young nation, and don't see that what they consider is being done for the good of the world may be really being done for self-gratification—like X. who, under pretence of informing the form, dropped into the habit of parading his own knowledge. X. incidentally did the form a service by creating great amusement for it, and so is Germany incidentally doing the world a service (though not in the way it meant) by giving them something to live and die for, which no country but Germany had before. If the bigot conquers he will learn in time his mistaken methods (for it is only of the methods and not of the goal of Germany that one can disapprove)—just as the early Christian bigots conquered by bigotry and grew larger in sympathy and tolerance after conquest. I regard the war as one between sisters, between Martha and Mary, the efficient and intolerant against the casual and sympathetic. Each side has a virtue for which it is fighting, and each that virtue's supplementary vice. And I hope that, whatever the material result of the conflict, it will purge these two virtues of their vices, and efficiency and tolerance will no longer be incompatible. But I think that tolerance is the larger virtue of the two, and efficiency must be her servant. So I am quite glad to fight against this rebellious servant. In fact, I look at it this way. Suppose my platoon were the world. Then my platoon sergeant would represent efficiency and I would represent tolerance. And I always take the sternest measures to keep my platoon sergeant in check! I fully appreciate the wisdom of the War Office when they put inefficient officers to rule sergeants. . . . But I've seen the Fatherland (I like to call it the Fatherland, for in many families Papa represents efficiency and Mamma tolerance—but don't think I'm

W.S.P.U.) so horribly misrepresented that I've been burning to put in my case for them to a sympathetic ear."

And he strikes the same note, in some ways more profoundly, in verse :—

TO GERMANY.

You are blind like us. Your hurt no man designed,
And no man claimed the conquest of your land.
But gropers both, through fields of thought confined
We stumble and we do not understand.
You only saw your future bigly planned,
And we, the tapering paths of our own mind,
And in each other's dearest ways we stand,
And hiss and hate. And the blind fight the blind.
When it is peace, then we may view again
With new-won eyes each other's truer form
And wonder. Grown more loving—kind and warm
We'll grasp firm hands and laugh at the old pain,
When it is peace. But until peace, the storm,
The darkness and the thunder and the rain.

This, like the other poems I have quoted, has a fine movement, and, though at the outset the phrasing is not felicitous, it improves till it becomes worthy of the meaning in the last three lines. Then, too, what wise, kindly eyes this young fellow sees with; how many of us can be put to shame by such a gentle sanity! His discoveries about his own countrymen are no less persuasively illuminating.

" One has fairly good chances of observing the life of the barrack-room, and what a contrast to the life of a house in a public school! The system is roughly the same: the house-master or platoon-commander entrusts the discipline of his charge to prefects or corporals, as the case may be. They never open their mouths in the barrack-room without the introduction of the unprintable swear-words and epithets; they have absolutely no " morality " (in the narrower, generally accepted sense): yet the public school boy should live among them to learn a little Christianity: for they are so extraordinarily nice to one another. They live in and for the present: we, in and for the future. So they are cheerful and charitable always: and we, often niggardly and unkind and spiteful. In the gymnasium at Marlborough, how the few clumsy specimens are " ragged " and despised and jeered at by the rest of the squad; in the gymnasium here you should hear the sounding cheer given to a man who has tried for eight weeks to make a long jump of eight feet, and at last, by the advice and assistance of others, has succeeded. They seem instinctively to regard a man singly, at his own rate, by his own standards and possibilities, not in comparison with

themselves or others; that is why they are so far ahead of us in their treatment and sizing up of others."

Because they need servants, and because fine houses and rapid locomotion imply labour, the well-to-do tend to regard other kinds of people as existing for their convenience. In this notion they resemble the enemy who thought other nations were there that Germany might be *über alles*.

Sorley was very sensitive to the falseness and unfairness of this seductive outlook, and perceived how detrimental it is to the finer powers of those who indulge in it. He felt that even poets were too content to think of others as mere readers and admirers, and addresses to them a protest on behalf of less articulate souls.

TO POETS.

We are the homeless, even as you,
Who hope and never can begin.
Our hearts are wounded through and through
Like yours, but our hearts bleed within.
We too make music, but our tones
'Scape not the barrier of our bones.

We have no comeliness like you:
We toil, unlovely, and we spin:
We start, return: we wind, undo:
We hope, we err, we strive, we sin.
We love; your love's not greater, but
The lips of our love's might stay shut.
We have the evil spirits too
That shake our soul with battle-din,
But we have an eviller spirit than you,
We have a dumb spirit within:
The exceeding bitter agony
But not the exceeding bitter cry.

Here are shapeliness and vigour once more, and, though finish and colour are to seek, there is still a marked improvement as the end comes in view.

Like other soldier poets, Sorley is anxious to think well of Death, whom he addresses:—

I.

Saints have adored the lofty soul of you.
Poets have whitened at your high renown.
We stand among the many millions who
Do hourly wait to pass your pathway down.
You, so familiar, once were strange: we tried
To live as of your presence unaware.
But now in every road, on every side,
We see your straight and steadfast signpost there.
I think it like that signpost in my land,
Hoary and tall, which pointed me to go
Upward, into the hills, on the right hand,
Where the mists swim and the winds shriek and blow,
A homeless land and friendless, but a land
I did not know and that I wished to know.

II.

Such, such is Death: no triumph: no defeat:
Only an empty pail, a slate rubbed clean,
A merciful putting away of what has been.
And this we know: Death is not Life effete,
Life crushed, the broken pail. We who have seen
So marvellous things know well the end not yet.
Victor and vanquished are a-one in death:
Coward and brave: friend, foe. Ghosts do not say
"Come, what was your record when you drew breath?"
But a big blot has hid each yesterday
So poor, so manifestly incomplete.
And your bright promise, withered long and sped,
Is touched, stirs, rises, opens and grows sweet,
And blossoms and is you, when you are dead.

These sonnets cannot compare for beauty and adequacy with Brooke's best, but the thought in them is perhaps even less expected, if not so certainly true. For us, at least, his promise is Sorley, now that he is dead. Death tempts us, nay, forces us, to overrate his actual production, and Reason in vain points out that the strait limits of his sensuous joy in image and language, suggest that his poetical vein might have soon run dry. Then, perhaps, engrossed by political reform, his soul had been felt as an agent rather than revealed in its proper beauty. Death has settled that, and for many minds, when Wordsworth's hare is watched, racing on the moors while that mist raised by her feet from the wet turf runs with her, a boy will soon appear accompanied with a sweeping veil of rain coursing the same uplands. And when the elder poet has listened to the old leech-gatherer standing in the pool, he will turn to welcome wisdom from young rain-brightened lips as Sorley draws to a halt at his side, to wonder over prehistoric men or speak generously of those of to-day and to-morrow. His is but a continuation of Wordsworth's theme: for as the dignity of individuals depends on their resolute independence, so that dignity alone renders a social amalgam feasible. A nation is not fused by these sacrificing and exploiting those, but by all devoting and employing themselves, and no man has a chance of doing this till he is a free agent. Nations, too, can only build a civilised world by respecting each other's independence, and the downfall of Germany shows how little efficiency can atone for the wish to domineer. Efficiency is fine, but kindness is beautiful, and beauty is as strong as light, far stronger than any palpable thing, and in the long run it will prove to be the only rightful ruler. All other principles need to resort to force, but for beauty, vision will win allegiance, so soon as the smoke of strife and commerce is out of men's eyes.

Reginald

By D. H. Catterick

We called him Reginald because, although he was a Hun, he was a Sport, and we even deemed him worthy of the familiar English name. Had he lived a few hundred years ago his *post-mortem* fame would probably have been established in fable; and he may yet become a legendary figure. Known as he was to so many of the British troops, it is hardly strange that exaggeration should already have begun to creep into the stories told of his uncanny methods. Wild and incredible rumours had, indeed, reached us in the days before we ever expected to meet him. Listen to the story of his death.

* * * * * *

It was in the early days of 1916, when the war was a picnic and we used to pass satirical remarks and pretend to look aghast if our folks with the guns up behind sent over into the German lines more than, say, four small shells a day. Even in those days, Hun- and vermin-killing being the chief end of our existence, we took steady toll of life, the sniper's *rôle* being of the first importance.

The Battalion having changed its section of trenches several times, we had come at last to dear old Fonky (Foncquevillers, pronounced with any number of syllables from two to five), and after a few weeks there had learnt, by the usual uncommunicable signs and tokens, that the Germans had made a similar change, so that we were opposed to a fresh lot. This is always pleasing to the self-respecting sniper, as, in his part of the Game, it is only possible to invent a limited number of stunts, and these, with the passage of time, become known to one's opponents and lose their potency (and charm) accordingly. With a fresh " batch " to practise upon they renew their youth, and are all affectionately trotted out again, beginning with the simplest; and it is bad luck if a number of clean notches are not to be found on the rifle-butts.

It is the first duty of the snipers when a new section of

trenches has been taken over to explore the *terrain* thoroughly in order to plan and then to create as many sniping-posts as possible. *Camouflage* is the aim, although that precious word was then unknown to us. Scorning the posts which had been used by the outgoing troops, we had, in less than a week, created a number of the finest posts for which the heart of the sniper could yearn. Then, having also, in the meantime, taken Fonky to our bosoms, we settled down to the Game in earnest.

The sniping squadron of whom I was one had come to the end of a perfect period of "twelve days behind" when we first heard of the new lot opposite from our pals who had had twelve days "in." We had gone to relieve them, so had not time for much palaver, and paid little attention to desultory remarks about a "bloke opposite signalling with a bottle." We were not out for nonsense of that sort, but Blood!

The first day "in" was fine, warm, and sunny. We had relieved at dawn, and, as we were facing east, would have the sun in our faces until afternoon. On sunny days we never fired in the morning unless presented with a sitting target. We contented ourselves for all those hours with our glasses, scrutinising every inch of Fritz's parapet, parados, and barbed wire; his lines being some 120 yards distant. The idea was to know the various features as a man knows the inside of his mouth, so that any change, however slight, might as readily obtrude itself upon the attention. In the Great Game hours pass as pleasantly and profitably in this way as another. Many a Hun plot has been ki-boshed at birth owing to a bit of hard thinking by a sniper who had to all appearances lain dozing through the long sunny morning hours.

On this occasion there was little to note except a few suspicious-looking gaps in Fritz's wire, and we were making ourselves comfortable, each according to his habits, when suddenly a bottle was held up to view and then placed on the parapet of the opposite trench.

(No, no, Fritz! As a trap that's a little bit too thin. Try again. The answer to that one is undoubtedly a lemon.)

We snipers were too old birds—several of us had attained our majority—to be caught with chaff. We were not going to give away our positions for the fun of potting at a bottle. It was altogether too easy. And then came repentance, for behold! a man's head alongside the bottle. But stay—do those hideously ugly, repulsive, distorted features represent the face of a human being? Surely this was only a subtler

trap than the bottle? It could only be a madman who would thus expose himself for so many seconds. Or is it some terrible mask?

On first presenting himself to us Reginald—for it was even he—kept his head over the top long enough to have had it riddled: but not a shot was fired. It was not until he removed his face that we knew it for that of a man, for not one of us will ever forget the defiance, the hatred, the concentrated, restrained, overpowering, blistering hatred that glared from those eyes. Repulsive as it was, that was a human face. Our feelings for him might strengthen to affection; we could never point to the slightest sign of any abatement of his original feelings for us. There was nothing weak about Reginald.

But we had been weak to permit a prize Hun to get away in that simple fashion, and our Number One man took a self-conscious shot at the bottle, which had been left on the parapet. He failed to hit, but the face reappeared. Another shot was fired, and Reginald ducked. For two seconds we thought he was dead, but a long pole with a cross-piece at the top was waved from side to side signalling two "wash-outs." Matters were getting serious. A sniper is not satisfied to wound: he fires to kill. Yet here we were with two misses registered against Number One on a large target at 120 yards. Number One had better try again at the bottle, even at the risk of disclosing his position—and the risk was by no means negligible, for the sun was strong in our faces, whereas Fritz had his eyes well shaded. At the third shot the bottle was splintered. Reginald registered a bull's-eye, and put up another bottle.

Bottle number two was allowed to remain, and for over half an hour we waited for Reggie. Now half an hour is a weary time to wait for anybody, and we had almost given up hope when his face appeared and was gone like a flash. The shots rang out together, but we all knew he had been missed again, and sure enough, we got the "wash-out" from his pole. The bottle was then shot away "in one," and again a "bull" was registered.

We were now entering into the spirit of the little game, but the sun had moved to "Pip-Emma," and we saw no more of Reginald that day.

We spoke of little else early the following morning, and hammered out the following rough plan of campaign:—

1. Henry to die the death.

2. Execution consigned to two snipers: Number One, who insisted, and another, whose position was thought to be the most highly *camouflaged*.

3. Other snipers to pay no more attention to Reginald and his capers than could reasonably be helped, but to " concentrate " on the usual details of the opposite trenches in case Reginald was acting " in collusion."

4. Reginald's bottles to be ignored.

But the second day was not Reggie's day out, although he stuck up a bottle or two for our amusement. In the afternoon one or two Huns rose to our flies and promptly perished.

It was decided to vary the programme for the next day by potting the bottles every time, the two executioners to fire alternately. If a hit remained unsignalled it would probably be because the glass had spread over Reggie's face. This would at all events make him a casualty. He might then be sent home to his wife and children, possibly—as nothing could make him uglier—better looking.

Some ten or twelve bottles were broken that morning, and there was nothing but bull's-eyes for Reggie to record. So far as we could tell he remained scatheless. The next day the first bottle to appear was of ordinary size. This was shot away. The second was half-size, and as we looked at the smaller target Reggie's face came up some forty yards away, and again we beheld the ugliest face in all Europe. It was a terrible face, but he got away with it, although the only shot that was fired must have gone close, for he signalled a " magpie."

It was then we dubbed him Sport, and christened him Reggie; then also that the thought was born in my mind that I would leave his fate in other hands. By this time we had seen Reginald so often that we knew his face nearly as well as we knew each other's. We guessed him to be at least fifty years of age, and a butcher, or undertaker, by profession; or perhaps he was, in private life, common hangman of the German Empire. We had tested his marksmanship by setting up bottles for targets and knew him to be a deadly shot. Giving him bottles in reducing sizes, we came at length to a large scent bottle, and when he hit that we gave it up. We had nothing to teach him in the way of marksmanship, and we prided ourselves that he was treating us also with a little more respect. On the sixth day Reginald tried a new dodge. Instead of a bottle he placed on the parapet a metal shield about eighteen inches square, sloping backwards at an angle

of 70 degrees or so. There was a shuttered loophole in this shield, and through our glasses we could distinctly see the shutter raised and his wicked old eye gleaming through. What was to be done now? My pals were anxious to make an end of him, much as his jolly little ways would be missed; yet we were only too well aware that no bullet would break that shield. We tried once or twice for luck, and got little satisfaction out of the metallic "ping" which was our only reward. The snipers on the extreme flanks caught an occasional glimpse of the back of his neck at the sides of the shield, but were too far away to get him. Then one evening he came up and kissed his hand, and I am afraid our curiosity to see what he would do let him off again. We saw him no more during that spell, and life was dull without him, but we all felt that we should see his dear old face again.

* * * * * *

We went back to sniping-posts with unaccustomed relish, most of us vowing that there must be an end. We had been practising on iron plates and had now a second campaign planned—a very much simpler one. We were all going to have a go at him at once, three seconds after his shield was erected: just long enough to allow him to open the shutter. I say "all," but there was at least one traitor in the party. My feelings had, I can only surmise, reverted to a boyhood's sympathy for all the ogres, and the genies, and the giants. How I had mourned over each luckless victim of some handsome stripling, with the wide world (and a beautiful princess) awaiting him. How could I now take a hand in the slaughter of the last of the ogres? But I knew that I could not save him.

The arrangements were carefully made, and, the morning being dull, but with clear definition, I felt that Reginald's number was up. He kept us waiting for some time, and it was probably twenty minutes before his shield was placed in position. Then came the agreed pause. Then the shots rang out simultaneously, the plate split across, the little round cap that accentuated his ugliness flew high into the air—and we saw Reginald for the last time, standing at full height, with his hands across his face. More shots were fired at his body, he swayed, and was gone. There was no doubt that a clean job had been made of it and that never more should we see that grim, elusive, bullet-defying, unhittable, defiant Hun—but our hearts were leaden weights.

Spiritualism and its New Revelations (i)

By Bernard Sickert

"I am in touch at present with thirteen mothers who are in correspondence with their dead sons."—Sir A. CONAN DOYLE.

IN view of such a pathetic confession as this, how dare anyone raise a finger to disturb the consolation which these mothers have found? Here by his own account we have one Englishman who has been the recipient of such sacred confidences since the war. How many other English men have had similar experiences; nay, how many English men and women have publicly stated that they have had such experiences? Add to these the French, Belgian, German mothers and it seems presumptuous and cruel to the pitch of insanity to say a word which might shake their conviction. Yet those who think with me that the very marked growth in spiritualistic ideas and writings is only *one* symptom of a rapid and accelerating increase in insanity, of which this war is merely a portent, though an awful one, must feel it incumbent on them to say their poor little to try to stem the current, if only for a moment. I say that the spiritualistic propaganda are only *one* symptom because some years ago I, as a painter, saw in the newer developments of Art a most disquieting element of insanity which I tried to combat in the pages of this REVIEW. Ruskin, fitful and moody thinker though he be, was never more on the right tack than when he urged on a heedless generation that, little as we may care for Art in itself, we must care for it as a symbol, as an indication or pointer, the earliest of all, of the trend of public thought and public affairs. And as for consolation, if it is of a pernicious or reactionary nature it is one which should be withheld. There is consolation of a kind in a bottle of gin. Sir Arthur in his one little book mentions thirteen recent books on the subject of spiritualism, but I think it probable that of them all two will have an outstanding influence and importance, one being Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's own work, *The New Revelation*, and the other Sir Oliver Lodge's

earlier *Raymond, or Life and Death.* The latter has evidently had a great circulation and has been eagerly studied, and the more recent work of Sir Arthur's being by the originator of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson must from the nature of the case have still greater vogue and popularity. A writer who has specialised in unravelling threads and following the clues of buttons and cigar ends must, it will be argued, be an adept in probing the mysteries of Spiritualism. The populace will not distinguish to the extent of noting that the author himself had previously ravelled the threads and scattered the buttons and cigar ends, and that it may be quite another matter and require quite a different mental calibre to reason on a chain of evidence which is independent of his own mentality.

Of that calibre we have a pretty fair example in the remark that the most celebrated medium of all, the original of the " Sludge " of Robert Browning, D. D. Home, " by the way, was not, as is usually supposed, a paid adventurer, but was the nephew of the Earl of Home." I do not know who the Earl of Home was, but if he were the Earl of Warwick himself I should not myself hold that the two statements were incompatible.

Sir Arthur's account of his own experiences which (together, of course, with his studies of other testimony) drew him within the folds of Spiritualism, is so slight and sketchy that any close analysis is rendered impossible. No doubt we are not justified in complaining of this sketchiness, as, coming after fifty years of testimony, any detailed account would be a work of supererogation. And so, to avoid mere wrangling, we may as well assume, although the assumption is excessively sanguine, that he brought into his own investigations that meticulous scrupulosity which characterised Myers, Gurney, Podmore, Dr. Hodgson, and the other pioneers of the S.P.R. His comment on these investigators is disarmingly *naïf*: " The world owes a great deal to the unwearied diligence of the Society, and to its sobriety of statement, though I will admit that the latter makes one impatient at times, and one feels that in their desire to avoid sensationalism they discourage the world from knowing and using the splendid work which they are doing. Their semi-scientific terminology also chokes off the ordinary reader. . . . As the American trapper said of the Don, ' He was that clever that you could not understand what he said.' " I have always felt that there was more affinity

between the author and his creation, Dr. Watson, than between him and Sherlock Holmes, who also is a bit too clever.

One passage in his book is significant when compared with a much earlier work, that of A. R. Wallace, "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism." Conan Doyle, p. 127, says: "We have reached a point where further proof is superfluous, and where the subject of disproof lies upon those who deny. The very people who clamour for proofs have, as a rule, never taken the trouble to examine the copious proofs which already exist. Each seems to think that the whole subject should begin *de novo* because he has asked for information. The method of our opponents is to fasten upon the latest man who has stated the case—at the present instant it happens to be Sir Oliver Lodge—and then to deal with him as if he had come forward with some new opinions which rested entirely upon his own assertion, with no reference to the corroboration of so many independent workers before him." These words are a repetition, almost literal, of the complaint of A. R. Wallace, writing in 1874, eight years before the formation of the S.P.R. I need not, therefore, quote the whole of it, but will confine myself to the following passage: "These phenomena do not require further confirmation. The opponents must discover and show in detail how the phenomena are produced or how the many sane and able men here referred to have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them." Well, it is evident that this plea had no weight whatever since the S.P.R. was founded with the purpose of examining similar phenomena all over again, and by this time the volumes of the Proceedings of the S.P.R. must outweigh those of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. And it will never have any weight, but we shall continue to demand fresh confirmation, and in Wallace's desperate and impatient language, "When the fresh confirmation comes, yet more confirmation is asked for, and so on without end." Now why is this? Why cannot we rest content with the testimony for spiritualistic phenomena as we do with the phenomena of science? Here we come to bedrock. It is because the claim of the S.P.R. to be a scientific body proceeding on scientific lines rests on a misunderstanding, or a false analogy, and that their investigations from their very nature are historical rather than scientific. Wallace pointed out, as spiritualists are never tired of doing, that the great discoveries of the world have always been at first disbelieved, and he quotes, of course, Galileo, Harvey, Jenner, Franklin,

Stephenson, etc. Ice and snow might easily appear supernatural to inhabitants of the tropics; a balloon, a telegram, a photograph, telescopes, microscopes, painless surgery, etc., etc., might be discredited by a sceptical savage. I myself spoke to an old peasant five years ago who steadily refused to believe in aeroplanes.

Now the point about all scientific discoveries (as I call them shortly, to avoid pointless logomachy) is that they do not rest on evidence alone, or, more correctly speaking, the evidence has a universal potentiality. Our attention is first roused by the assertion of some new discovery, and it is then open to everybody to test it. Of course, I told my old man that if he lived he would probably see an aeroplane, but that is not the proper answer, because it is not universally applicable nor entirely convincing. The proper answer is to invite the sceptic not merely to examine results but to produce the phenomena himself, and to give him free access to the knowledge and the instruments necessary. Thus, if the sceptic believed that X-ray photographs were merely ordinary photographs expertly manipulated, as he might have done when this marvel first burst on the world, he should have been given access to the knowledge and the material by which X-rays are produced. The knowledge and the material necessary for the production of X-rays not merely *may*, if you are lucky, produce X-rays. They *must* do so, and that is the whole difference.

But the Spiritualists and the S.P.R. do not say to my friends and myself, to Brown, Jones, and Robinson, "Seat yourselves round a loo table and join hands, and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Robinson, deceased, shall communicate with you." They make no such claim or pretension. They do not guarantee that if I gaze at a crystal or a pool of ink for whatever length of time I shall see anything but a crystal or a pool of ink, or that I shall be able to create or annihilate anemones, tulips or Chinese primroses.

No doubt the sceptic is invited to try to produce the phenomena himself, but he is recommended to do so with the expert assistance of the S.P.R. They say, "Come to Daniel Home, or Mrs. Guppy or Mrs. Piper, and if the omens are propitious you shall converse with your deceased wife. If not, you may be privileged to have some raps from the table, if you have any use for such phenomena." Even if some striking result is achieved by prolonged exertions, they do not guarantee that it shall be relevant to your preparations. It

may be quite unexpected and gratuitous, like that which met the gentleman in *Punch* who consulted a wise man with a view to dispersing his bunions and found himself turned into a white rabbit through some misunderstanding in the incantations. The position of the Spiritualists, if placed on a historical basis, is quite secure. One cannot prove a negative, and the fact that I cannot levitate does not prove that Daniel Home did not do so "at intervals for a period of 20 years." This argument may sound absurd at first, but if we apply it, as it has been applied for centuries to the Biblical miracles, we must find it unanswerable. But then, no Biblical scholar would claim that these miracles rest on scientific grounds. The fact is simply that spiritualistic phenomena are sporadic, dependent on certain privileged persons, erratically and arbitrarily selected among the mass with no peculiar gifts discoverable in other directions, a caste in no respect essentially different from the caste of priesthood. Anything less scientific than such a condition it would be difficult to conceive, the essential characteristics of science being its universality and its eternity. Everywhere and always the combination of Oxygen and Hydrogen produces water. The power to produce water from these two gases does not depend on any individual or group of individuals. If we could say that all red-haired people or all Finns always made good mediums, we should at once be entering the scientific field.

All the evidence concerns past events, it has not the universal potentiality of scientific facts. Why do I, *à la fin*, believe in the existence of wireless telegraphy? I have never seen the apparatus or the working of it—I have never read an account of it which I could pretend to understand. It is to me, as to most people, a mystery as profound as the most extravagant of Wallace's tales. And it is not, *à la fin*, because eminent scientific men have demonstrated its practicability, or because millions of people believe in it, or because (so I am told) it is in constant use all over the globe.

It is because *I know* that if I go to the trouble and expense I can send wireless messages myself from apparatus constructed by myself. If you ask, "How do you know even this much?" the answer is, of course, "By evidence, or information." But it is information which is not proffered by Spiritualists. I am told, shortly, that I can send and receive wireless messages. I am *not* told that I can send or receive messages from the other world. No Spiritualist tells me that—he only tells me that he has done so.

This being my view, it is clear that while disputing the conclusions drawn by Conan Doyle, or any other Spiritualist, I am absolved from the dilemma which is always being thrust upon us. I am not bound to conclude that A. R. Wallace, Augustus de Morgan, Sir William Crookes, Prof. Barrett, and all the eminent men and women who have asserted their faith are either liars or idiots, which is the argument trotted out once more by Sir Arthur. In 1867 Dr. Carpenter and Prof. Tyndall each attended a single seance and then declined to return. Wallace then unfairly tried to fix on them the odium of refusing to investigate further on the *a priori* ground that the phenomena were impossible, but surely as scientific men they might decline on the legitimate ground that the phenomena being sporadic and capricious could not enter into their purview at all. And what would, above all, perhaps, shock them is the irrelevance of some of the phenomena to the facts which are brought to light.

We have in Conan Doyle's book an account of a Poltergeist very similar to the Hydesville case of 1848. There were "tremendous noises, sounds like someone beating a table with a stick." Conclusion: "The bones of a child, evidently long buried, were dug up in the garden." Where is the connection? A child of tender years, unless dissolution itself sufficed to develop muscular power (of a spiritual order, of course) could hardly make tremendous noises, like someone beating a (spiritual) table with a (spiritual) stick. But perhaps we may find the explanation in the account of "Spiritland," as Conan Doyle calls it, or "Spiritworld" in the version of that delectable writer, Dr. Wilson, author of "Theocosmia," etc. (How the shade of Calverley, discoverer of "Forever," must chortle!) "These new forms are the absolute reproduction of the old ones at their best, the young growing up and the old reverting until all come to the normal." As the bones of the child had been long buried, it is evident that the spirit had had time (always supposing that time is the same there as here) to reach the normal stage, wherein the power to make "tremendous noises" might be presumed to be at its height. By the way, there is a difficulty in this "account of our own destiny and that of those we love." How can the new form be an absolute reproduction of something that had never previously existed? And what is the normal age? Is Sir Arthur's age at the present time at the normal stage, or has it passed that point and become abnormal? And what consolation is there for a parent—

how could he repeat Tennyson's beautiful lines, "I shall know him when we meet," if his child has "growed up out of all knowledge"?

Formerly, when challenged and heckled concerning the most absurd antics of the spirits, some eminent believers were inclined to retort in a sulky and exasperated manner: "How do I know? Why did the hammer rise in the air and then fall gently on the table (at Worksop)? Why was the coal chucked about by some invisible hand? It is no part of my business to elucidate these mysteries. I may have my own ideas on the subject, but I am not bound to put them forth or to substantiate them or to explain discrepancies. All I know is that these events occurred." Andrew Lang, Prof. Barrett, and Alfred Wallace were occasionally guilty of this attitude. But it was found that it would not do. It was too like poor "Moon" in *Midsummer Night's Dream*: "All that I have to say is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn bush my thorn bush; and this dog, my dog." Ribaldry like that of Theseus and the rest of the company could be the only emotion aroused by such an attitude. Yet the many attempts that have been made and that are being made to form some sort of answer to the Why? which must constantly rise in all minds are hardly consoling or elucidatory to a thoroughly inquiring mind. The theory appears to be something as follows, if we try to patch together some sketch of it from the various exponents. The spirits of the dead are continually trying to communicate with the living, and tradition tells us that from time to time they have succeeded in doing so. In former ages, probably much more frequently than now, because with the weakening (or it is hardly too strong to say the actual perishing) of belief there are very few ready and fit to receive a message. No message can come through unless there is somebody at this end of the wire. Well, then, one gathers that the first thing the spirit has to do is to establish connection, by attracting attention. This activity of his somehow opens communication generally, the partition becomes thin, and a lot of degraded and frivolous spirits of the first sphere hastily butt in, scramble and push at the opening door, and behave in an unmannerly and hooligan spirit. This is very much resented both by the friends over there and the recipients here, but I fail to see why. It is like a crowd of loafers calling "Hi!" to a passing taxi; it may be rude, but it is effective; whilst the decorous raising

of an umbrella does not arrest attention. But when once connection has been established and a system adopted, there is no further occasion for manifestations.

Let us try to apply this theory to the particular instance sketched by Sir Arthur. The noises were caused by, or on behalf of, the dead child (murdered, let us say) in order to draw attention to some message or communication. But the attention of the S.P.R. was already roused by previous noises, insomuch that Sir Arthur was "one of three delegates sent by them to sit up in this haunted house." And the message to which the noises were, *ex hypothesi*, to be a mere preliminary never came. We begin with noises and we end with noises. It is true that the bones of a child *were* found, but we are not told that the digging was undertaken in consequence of the noises. If that was the case, the procedure recommended by the witch-doctors of the present day should be "whenever incomprehensible noises occur, dig in the garden for the body of a dead person." All this must seem sheer ribaldry to the faithful; but, indeed, it is an attempt to introduce some approximation to scientific procedure into a mere welter of conjecture. If, on the other hand, the digging was fortuitous, then the noises were ineffectual, unless the result aimed at was the astonishment and subsequent conversion of Sir Arthur, which, one presumes from the whole tone of his book, might have been achieved with less trouble and expenditure of energy. With the Cheriton Dugout Poltergeist we find ourselves right back in the Dark Ages.

"Two clergymen have endeavoured to mitigate the phenomena, which are occasionally very violent, but so far without result. . . . A third clergyman, with some knowledge of occult matters, has succeeded by sympathetic reasoning and prayer in obtaining a promise from the entity that it will plague the household no more." This is manifestly unfair and improper. Instead of shutting up the unfortunate "entity" by exorcism and incantation, he should be invited to deliver himself, and, failing any coherent message, the persecuted ones should take Sir Arthur's tip and—Dig!

The Anniversary

By Edward Garnett

It was evident that my companion was a crack flying man. His lean, tanned face, his hawk eye and alert composure spoke of long mastery of the air. A slight, sardonic smile hovered round his lips. I felt not the slightest apprehension while he performed a series of surprising evolutions, soaring, gliding, falling like a stone from a high altitude. The machine indeed seemed, for stretches, to fly of its own volition.

We turned south-east. "Now I'll show you something curious," he said abruptly. We flew at a steady pace for ten minutes towards a range of low mountains. We rose slightly to clear the crests, glided slowly over a few miles of boggy tableland, and then, when we were nearing the ridge of the southern scarp, I suddenly exclaimed violently. The great plain, stretching interminably beneath us, as far as the eye could see, was covered with enormous masses of people. The whole world seemed to have packed itself tightly into that vast plain.

"What are they doing there?" I gasped.

"It's the War Crowd! Like to have a look at them?" my companion answered imperturbably.

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It seemed most bizarre to be gliding slowly over the heads of that multitude of people who were obviously far too preoccupied to pay us attention. But my interest in the spectacle was so intent that the strangeness of the situation no longer surprised me. You know how natural and matter of fact astonishing events appear in dreams. But the varnished wings of the aeroplane, the purr of the engine, extraordinarily subdued and quiet, the giant white cumuli clouds that floated tranquilly over that interminable green plain, and then the masses of people beneath, blackening the fields and roads, swarming like ants in and around the chains of towns and villages, all had the sharpness of incontestable fact.

Still gliding slowly we came so low to the ground that we had to rise slightly to clear the tops of the poplar trees, that edged in each of the vast fields into which the plain appears to be regularly parcelled out. I saw then that the occupation of the people in each of these vast enclosures was different. In one, tremendous in its sweep, I saw lying stretched on the ground hundreds of thousands of people, one-third of whom were women, all staring up at the tender summer sky, with a dumb look of inwrought grief. Each man seemed unaware of his surroundings and of his fellows.

"What are these people thinking of?" I asked.

"Each is brooding over his son's death."

We passed slowly over their heads and came to another crowd as vast, perhaps vaster, whose faces were smiling with an ecstatic look of mystic joy, as though they were in the presence of the Holy Grail. The large majority here were women.

"And these?" I asked.

"These feel that their existence is hallowed for ever by the death of a son, a husband, a brother, or a lover on the field of battle," said my companion with a faint shrug of his shoulders.

On leaving these behind we flew suddenly over serried lines of soldiers all drawn stiffly at attention. Rank upon rank stretching for miles in an enormous oblong enclosure. Whole armies of men were there, each in his national uniform. The order was given, and the disciplined ranks, as one man, shouldered their rifles in a simultaneous flash. As they did so, I saw that every man's face wore the same uneasy look, deepening into frozen horror. Officers and privates alike, each seemed to see something invisible to me there menacing him.

"What are they waiting for?" I asked.

"To be killed in battle."

"But it's ridiculous," I cried, "Who could kill a million men?"

"They are going to kill one another," answered my companion laconically.

He quickened the pace and we flew on swiftly. The eye grew fatigued by those thousands of ranks mathematically exact like a scientific diagram, rigidly ruled on the flat earth beneath us. And the death, too, of this million of men seemed mathematically determined. I closed my eyes, and must have dozed a little.

"Here are their arms," I heard the flying man say. Opening my eyes I looked down quickly, and saw we were now floating over a grey-brown area of factory buildings, and wharves, and endless goods yards, the whole of which were crammed with munitions. Acres of clean polished rifles were stacked in heaps, 6 feet high. On the wharves and goods yards stood in long rows artillery of every description; field guns, howitzers, trench mortars, tanks, enormous naval guns, and machine-guns by tens of thousands. Further on was a vast hollow square, where thousands of men in gangs were busy at work filling bombs, sighting rifles, sharpening bayonets. To my surprise, I saw that these men all wore clerical dress and shovel hats, or birettas.

"Sky pilots," chuckled my companion, "And here are their superiors blessing the work."

A great gun was at that moment being slowly conveyed by two traction engines, through dock gates beneath us, and I saw a little group of high ecclesiastics in vestments step forward and solemnly sprinkle it, while swinging censers and making the sign of the Cross.

We rose in the air, and were soon close to a forest of dreary factory chimneys running for miles in a pall of light yellow fog, covering an area, so far as I could guess, five times that of Manchester. "Munition factories," the flying man explained. "And here are the scientists at work perfecting the poison gases."

And looking down I spied hundreds of serious-looking gentlemen, bland, spectacled, benevolent, or severe, with impressive foreheads or domed heads, gazing intently at retorts and examining test-tubes. A group of a dozen with gas masks on and leather aprons excited my wonder.

"Allied scientists—they've just invented a gas so deadly that it kills instantaneously," vouchsafed my guide.

"What!" I exclaimed.

"It's to make the world safe for plutocracy," he added, with an inscrutable smile. "And here's the Huns' improved boiling oil projector," he added, pointing to some curious apparatus round which stood a group of Lutheran ministers in earnest prayer.

The whole thing seemed so weird that I pinched myself to see if I were not dreaming. A red streak mottled the skin of my tingling wrist.

The flying man seemed depressed by the acrid, foggy atmosphere of this gigantic city of munitions, and increased

our speed to a great pace until we had left it behind and had come again into the open plain.

I cannot describe, or, indeed, remember, a tenth of the extraordinary sights that now passed in quick succession before my eyes. In one enclosure two thousand literary ladies were diligently dictating to typists and secretaries glorifications of the war, and the part they had played in keeping it going. In another I saw a great wire enclosure where hundreds of soldiers in red fezes were beating to death a score of wasted wretches. In another I saw a crowd of fanatical soldier workmen, butchering knots of trembling bourgeoisie, and further on were hundreds of disarmed peasants being led out to execution, surrounded by bourgeois Guards.

"This is a New Age for Humanity," said my companion dryly. "And there are some down there celebrating the dawn of Freedom," and he pointed to an enclosure with barred cages where hundreds of men were pacing up and down fiercely like wild beasts, or sitting despairingly with drooping heads.

"The men who won't kill other men," he explained.

We passed over a great forest tract where the trail of dotted skeletons marked the passage of a million peasants fleeing from an invasion, and then dipped down suddenly into a great field where howling mobs of thousands of people were chasing three or four terrified men this way and that. We saw the crowd run down one of them as he tripped and fell, pounce on him, tear the coat off his back, and rain blows on him with big sticks and stakes torn from the hedges. Women stood by applauding frantically, waving national flags.

"A pacifist," observed my companion. "That man is a minister who denies that the war is a holy war of God."

Close by was a crowd of many thousands of people, cheering a clergyman in his shirt sleeves, who was waving the Stars and Stripes and shouting something vociferously from the platform. "Billy Sunday," commented the flying man. "He is preaching that war is worship. War is prayer."

Again we glided over a circular enclosure, in diameter perhaps six miles. It was bisected exactly into two halves, each of which was packed with a hostile crowd, millions strong. The two crowds were kept from tearing each other to pieces by an open space fenced in by enormous iron barricades, on the top of which were reared electric sky signs, flashing the figures of each fresh victory to the peoples. As

we passed over, suddenly the sky signs signalled the result of the Great Offensive, and the hostile crowds both burst simultaneously into frenzied cheering. The tumult of joy was indescribable.

"But how can they both have won?" I asked astonished.

"Each has its own official news, and both crowds are cheering the death of another 50,000 enemy human beings," he explained.

I forget many of the fields that now succeeded to one another, before we rose in the air again and arrived at a great ridge of down towards which we saw millions more people wending their way. Half-way up the face of these downs were reared a dozen or so gigantic Altars with great flights of steps cut in the chalk to give access to them. Immediately below them on each side of the steps were ranged vast choirs of young boys, elderly men in black, and maidens robed in white. Above each terraced Altar stood a gigantic cross or crucifix, its gilded surface flashing in the sunlight. Bands of ministers in cassocks, and priests and high church dignitaries in vestments, stood around the Altars welcoming the people who pressed forward in an endless stream, passing before the great crosses.

As we came closer the sound of hundreds of voices singing the "Te Deum" was awe-inspiring. The religious solemnity of the scene suggested that all the nations, the whole of Christendom, had wended here to adore the Creator.

"What great ceremony is this?" I asked the flying man. "And what are the priests doing?" I added, noticing that the ecclesiastics were gently touching each sixth man on the forehead as he was guided past the altar by his affectionate relatives.

"These are the High Altars of Nationalism, and the priests are signing and sealing the chosen," he answered simply. "It used to be every tenth, but now, I am told, it is every sixth man."

We rose higher, and soon had left the great Altars far behind us. But high as we were an indescribable ghastly smell of human carnage now assailed our nostrils. I shuddered with apprehension.

"Worse than poison gas, by jingo," my companion observed. "We must be getting near the Great Offensive. It's the seventeenth Great Offensive, I believe."

The smell grew so unendurable that even my hardened

companion seemed anxious to escape that zone of putrefaction.

"Let's get to the Centre of Things," he observed hastily, "and have a look at the Saviours."

"Who are they?" I asked, as he turned the machine round towards the north-east.

"Why, the Saviours of the peoples; there are several sets of them."

* * * * * *

"Take my diminishing glass," said the flying man, handing me his binoculars. On looking through it I could not swear that it was an optical illusion, but an inexplicable sight met my eyes, as the machine again slowed down and then seemed almost to hang circling in the air. Right beneath us was a mapped space many miles in extent and shaped exactly like a miniature Europe with all the countries and seas distinguished by particular colours. I could see clearly the blue Mediterranean and the torrid yellow strip of the north coast of Africa. I saw Italy with its line of snowy Alps. Below the Trentino and Tyrol, and further away the Julian Alps and the Dalmatian coast line. Looking northwards, beyond silvery France, was the green strip of the English Channel A dark blurred line writhed like a snake along the western frontiers, and to it I drew my companion's attention.

"Reverse the glass and look again," he said. And when I had done so I saw that this blurred line was simply piled masses of dead bodies—a veritable Chinese Wall in certain places for breadth and bulk. In the lower tiers of the wall the flesh had rotted away from the bodies so that the later tiers of uniformed corpses contrasted with the gleaming white skulls and thigh-bones of the bottom layers. And over the decomposing walls and round them, in advance or behind, manœuvred armies, miniature masses firing at one another, bombing and bayoneting the enemy.

"Yes, it's the latest thing in glasses," said the flying man, yawning. "But now let's land at the Centre and hear the oratory."

But when we flew further the dreadful stench seemed to accompany us. Right ahead of us, just discernible, was a lumpy-looking green hill rising abruptly from the plain. We headed for this and the aeroplane landed gently on the top, running a few yards on the smooth turf. The hill seemed to be about four miles in circumference, and a series of green terraces, about ten feet wide, that reminded me of the Wilt-

shire lytchets ran round its steep face. As we strolled along the middle terrace I saw that here, too, the plain beneath was divided into a network of field enclosures, all filled with people working or amusing themselves. In one was a race-course, with grand stands packed with tens of thousands of people, all betting on the winners. Another was filled with theatres, music halls, hippodromes, cinemas, into which smiling audiences were streaming. In another were open-air concerts with military bands playing to gay-looking well-dressed crowds, but everywhere in the heavy air hung the ghastly odour of human putrefaction.

"How is it that they are not overpowered by this sickening stench?" I asked my companion.

"The peoples have got used to it," was his reply.

We came round an angle of the green terrace, and immediately below us we saw long tables covered with green baize forming a square of about one hundred feet, at each of which sat about fifty important-looking gentlemen, mostly with bald heads, well-shaven cheeks, and grave, statesmanlike eyes. In the open space between were two enormous skysigns, electrically worked. Behind two of the tables were draped Entente flags, and behind the other two were Central Empire banners. Uniformed functionaries stood behind the chairs, and messengers glided about between the tables, carrying notes to the rival Chiefs, who debated on them and dictated replies. The four tables, two of which were labelled "Political Sphere," the other two "Financial Sphere," were railed off from the vast crowds of people watching and waiting respectfully behind.

I remarked that every man in the crowd had his mouth receptively open. "What are the gentlemen at the tables doing?" I asked.

"They are Saving the people from Destruction," he replied. I scrutinised the Saviours. The faces of those sitting at the Political Table on the right, who were chiefly old generals, with broad chests covered with decorations and medals, were fierce, arrogant, overbearing, pompous, and crafty. The black-coated gentlemen at the Financial Table looked no less aggressive and cynical. I turned and examined in turn the Chiefs at the rival tables opposite them. Their faces, though less menacing, were more specious and hypocritical. I felt extremely uneasy.

"How do the Saviours strike you?" my companion inquired.

"They inspire me with fear; but why is it that the peoples are guided by these Chiefs?" I asked in my turn. "Because they are so truly representative of their own inner wisdom," he replied, smiling. "But, listen; one of the Chiefs is going to speak." And at that moment a bland, affable, silver-haired gentleman rose at the left-hand table and delivered a short harangue accompanied by dignified gestures. I could not catch the words, but as he proceeded with his speech enormous headlines began to appear in the World Propaganda Skysign in front of him. They ran thus :—

COMPLETE VICTORY FIRST.
STABLE AND PERMANENT PEACE
ONLY TO BE ENSURED BY
EQUITABLE TERRITORIAL ADJUSTMENTS.
ANY WEAKENING IN OUR WAR AIMS
A CRIME AGAINST CIVILISATION.
REMEMBER YOUR GREAT SACRIFICES.

When the statesman sat down there was some mild clapping, and I noticed that whilst several of the gaping people in the crowd shut their mouths the rest opened them wider.

The aged generals and statesmen at the right-hand table did not seem at all discomposed, but conferred for a few minutes, after which one of them rose and made a speech in reply, during which there appeared on the rival World Propaganda Skysign the following headlines :—

WE FIGHT FOR
JUSTICE, TRUTH, CIVILISATION
AND FOR
THE MAINTENANCE OF OUR EXISTENCE.
THE GERMAN PEOPLE WILL PERSEVERE
UNTIL FINAL VICTORY IS WON.
REMEMBER YOUR GREAT SACRIFICES.

This speech also excited some mild clapping, and I noticed that several people in this patriotic audience fainted with emotion. Suddenly, at a signal from both the tables, banners were hoisted all round the tables inscribed with a variety of mottoes, such as :—

"Never Again," "Allies Guilty of Prolonging the War," "They Began It," "Faith to the End," "Self-Determination of Peoples," "Britain's Lust of Conquest," "No Matter the Cost," "No Peace Gas," "Germany's Victory in Arms," "Bravo, Our Fighting Stuff," "Protection of Small Nations," "Our Settlement the Only One," "No Prussian Militarism," "Our Fight for Freedom," "Hold Fast," "Peoples, You Must Give More," "Peoples, You Must Give Your All," "We Arose in Wrath and Pity," "For the Future of Mankind," "The League of Nations," "The League of Economic Right," "Mittel-Europe," etc., etc., etc.

Military bands, arranged at intervals among the crowds, now struck up lively patriotic and martial airs, and rival

orators appeared suddenly at various points of vantage and gesticulated their unanswerable arguments.

"How long have they been going on like that?" I inquired.

"For four years. To-day is anniversary day. Everybody, everywhere, is making a special effort to Win the War."

"But all this seems to me imbecile ——" I was beginning when my companion interrupted me.

"Take care what you say," he said in a low voice. "You are allowed to have only one opinion here, *viz.*, that this is the best of all possible Wars. If you contradict this they will put you in a cage, or send you to the Front."

"But ——" I objected.

"You see, the position is this," he explained. "The nations represented at the right-hand tables have ruined themselves in winning some territories which they wish to use as milch cows, and the nations at the left hand have ruined themselves in trying to tear these away and annex other territories. If the nations understood what is coming soon, they ——. But have you seen the Press levers?" he broke off suddenly, and he pointed to a series of gigantic power stations that towered some way off in an enclosure to themselves. "The Press is worked direct from the end of the tables by those few gentlemen, the Capitalistic Press Controllers, who are in charge of the levers."

I must own that when I had scrutinised the faces of the Capitalistic Press Controllers I felt more alarmed than ever.

* * * * * *

"I am afraid I shall have to take you back over the Field of Victory," the flying man apologised as I climbed back into the aeroplane. "Don't look down, whatever you do."

I don't know whether I regret that I *did* look down. Had I not done so I should never have understood "The War." But I must own that I have not been the same man since. I cannot speak yet of the things I saw. But some private notes I keep locked away in my desk might have served Darwin for that unpublished chapter of *The Descent of Man* —the chapter which, it is said, his intimate friends at last persuaded him to destroy.

The Problem of the Ex-Officer

By Sydney A. Moseley

It is intimated to me that the problem of the ex-officer is imperfectly understood by many of those who might help to solve it. I shall, therefore, divest this article of literary trimming and give his case in all its dispassionate nakedness. First, let it be understood that there *is* a problem—growing and becoming grave. Thousands of ex-officers have been permitted to return to civilian life ill-equipped as regards health and position. I am quite certain that it is still the desire of the country that these men should be treated not only fairly but generously, and that in the reconstruction of the Empire they who served the country should be given the opportunity of taking a share in it. Let us see what has actually happened.

An officer discharged from the Services is informed that his case has been automatically passed on to the Ministry of Pensions and the Ministry of Labour. Under the care of these two Labour Ministries his future might be well assured. He soon finds, however, that these new Ministries are taking a long time to get into full swing. Under the Ministry of Pensions Act of 1916 the powers and duties of the Admiralty and Army as regards pensions were transferred to the new Ministry. It was assumed that these powers were definite and independent. The situation it has created, however, only serves to harass and baffle the ex-officer. The Naval or Army authorities tell him that he has passed out of their hands, and that they are powerless in the matter of pensions. At the Ministry of Pensions, however, he is informed that the Admiralty or Army Council directly influences the handling of his case.

The treatment of any officer discharged should surely depend entirely upon the state of his health when discharged, but I have reason to believe that other considerations are taken into account, and that papers and comments dealing other than with the state of the officer's health are sent in to the Medical Board.

The first point, then, which should be cleared up when the House of Commons meets is whether the Ministry of Pensions

adjudges each case independently and upon its merits, or whether its hands are tied—whether the Ministry, in fact, is merely the office-boy and scapegoat of my Lords of the Admiralty and the Army Council.

The next vital point concerns a class of officer which forms a very high percentage of those discharged. I refer to the officer declared to be no longer medically fit for active service. Here an opportunity presents itself to the Great Authority of being either sympathetic and generous or crabbed and parsimonious. Should he so desire, he can send this man away contented and generally in a frame of mind that will help him in the new part he has to play in the remoulding of the Empire, or he can embitter this broken man to such an extent that his whole soul revolts against a machine which has taken all from him and has given him nothing in return.

It is because I have met so many broken heroes of this latter mood that I appeal to this influential medium. Either because the official instruction to medical boards is to economise or because Authority invariably lacks human attributes, the officer discharged in a poor state of health has a very bad time of it. From his knightly position as an officer holding the King's Commission he is bullied from pillar to post until he becomes a veritable beggar waiting, cap in hand, upon the door of the Ministry of Pensions. If this is doubted, go to Millbank and see.

What is so sad about these cases is that such men have to badger the authorities for their dues at a time when treatment and rest are so essential for their health. The finely grained man who willingly enlisted early in the war is prominent among these victims. Some of the men who went to war apparently forgot to leave temperament and soul behind them. No fewer than 21,283 officers and men were finally discharged for nerve troubles and pensioned, from the outbreak of war to the end of May, 1918. Of these, over 800 officers with neurasthenia were discharged and pensioned. It would better illustrate my case of the problem of the ex-officer if I could give the figures of officers discharged with this disability *and not pensioned*; or if I could just mention the actual amount of pension or retired pay awarded in the comparatively few cases to ex-officers who were expected to treat themselves and live as gentlemen during their convalescence. If I cannot give these figures, however, I can illustrate my point by citing the following instances taken at random from those which have come under my personal notice :—

A. Married man of thirty-six. Excellent physique. Joined in 1914. Broke down after trench fever. Developed neurasthenia. Was told his state was due to "wanting something to do." Physical "jerks" ordered. Result: Complete breakdown. Discharged with pension of 25*s.* per week for five months. Now in charitable institution for treatment.

B. After severe wound in head was seconded to R.A.F. Was eventually boarded out by the R.A.F. as totally unfit. No treatment. Pension denied because R.A.F. board not final. Treated as severe case of nerves at charitable institution, but health aggravated by official badgering. Ordered to report to his unit!

C. Similar case. Boarded out of R.A.F., but still claimed by Army, who are not treating him.

D. Broke neck while serving at Havre. No ordinary pension or treatment because injuries caused by accident. "The best accident," says this man, "is to stop a bullet." (Eventually awarded temporary pension of £1 a week from Special Fund.) No treatment. Applied to charitable institution.

E. Was discharged by the Haslar Board without treatment, and advised to take at least six months' complete rest. After leaving hospital became worse. Went to Ministry of Pensions, and was told he could not be treated till pension was awarded. No news from Ministry of Pensions, and finally had to apply to a charitable home for treatment. Ministry of Pensions, after repeated promises, sent a form about three months later, asking him to reply to questions, adding incidentally that he came under Article 9 of Order in Council of September 29th, 1917. No officer seemed to know what this meant. A prolonged search revealed the reason for the vagueness. The clause referred to officers "discharged as medically unfit for service, such unfitness being neither attributable to nor aggravated by naval or military service." An indignant repudiation of this decision brought him the response to go before the medical board at 80 Lancaster Gate, where they cross-examine officers suffering from nerves as to the responsibility of the cause of illness.

F. Musical scholarship student. Left studies in 1914 and underwent operation in order to be able to join. Discharged 1917, nervous breakdown. Awarded 25*s.* per week for five months. Now being treated in charitable home.

These cases can be multiplied. In nearly all of them the ex-officer is discharged and recommended a complete rest for

at least six months as being the best treatment. He is expected to do this on a 40 per cent. disablement allowance.

Sir John Collie, President of the Special Medical Board for Neurasthenia, has pointed out that some of the worst cases of shell-shock he had seen had occurred in men who had never been abroad. "God forgive those who sent them out!" he has cried. Well, one may forgive those who accepted "these brave men who are temperamentally and neuropotentially wholly unfit for the ghastly work of modern warfare," but who will forget those who, after these men were broken down, have treated them as if they were malingering cadgers? Sir John Collie should send his views to some of his staff at the Special Medical Board at 80 Lancaster Gate.

The claim established here, therefore, is that no officer who was found fit enough to take a commission should be discharged before being fit to take his place in civilian life, and that until such time he should be under the care and supervision of the State. I do not mean he should be retained in the Services. I agree with the medical view that certain nerve cases are better dealt with *outside* the military atmosphere, but he should not on this account be left to fend for himself without treatment and without pension, or with a mere pittance. Let me anticipate the official reply that medical allowances are made for officers treating themselves. I have seen some of the correspondence between patients and the Ministry of Pensions! I shall only say that there should be no such system as private treatment.

So much for the Ministry of Pensions. Let us assume that an ex-officer is now cured and is ready to become a creditable civilian. The wise ex-officer, upon entering into civilian life, will pay more attention to the future than to the past. It is not so much what he was, as what he is going to be. This brings us to a further point—the necessity of dealing with the ex-officer as a civilian by civilians. The status of a man while in the Services should have no bearing upon his re-entry into life as a civilian. To deny all our men the same chances in their new life would be to perpetuate militarism with a vengeance, and it would be a poor return to the "fine fellow" who was in a good position before the war and preferred to enlist in the ranks. The views of ex-officers I have met is that when once the military have done with him he should be permitted to forget his rank. He soon finds, however, that wherever he turns the military machine still

holds him. When applying for advice or help at the Ministry of Labour a discharged officer finds himself in what looks like an annexe of the War Office. The staff is of the same, as, indeed, are their methods. He is given forms to fill in—never omitting to give his rank—and then, after the usual official delay, he is sent more forms. Certainly the beautifully-got-up pamphlet, written in the first person singular, and signed by "Chas. Home McCall, Controller," gives the ex-officer expectations upon which he should not build too extravagantly. An attempt has been recently made to co-ordinate the departments at this Ministry with those of the Ministry of Pensions. Perhaps this will, in time to come, bear fruit. At present, however, there appears to be considerable overlapping, and this, no doubt, accounts for ex-officers having to seek the aid of private employment exchanges. Go to any of these commendable institutions, and you shall find scores of ex-officers searching vainly for employment. Many search for work through these channels because the Appointments Department of the Ministry of Labour has failed to help them; others, again, have never heard of this latter organisation. The usual official reply that it is difficult to place unskilled men is at once a confession of failure to deal with the problem. For what other purpose than to do this is this Department to justify its existence? Why, the entity of this multitude of unskilled men who wish to re-enter the labour market is the crux of the whole problem. At the present time they are roaming about in thousands; when the war is over they will be in their tens of thousands. What is one to say of a Department which gives so much lip-service to its plans of reconstruction and is unable, after four years of war, to find employment for a comparatively small number of ex-officers?

Another official reply to such questions as I have put is that the Officers University Classes are prepared to train officers to new occupations. Many will have read these pamphlets on this subject issued by the Ministry of Pensions and the Ministry of Labour, setting out the University and various other schemes for the benefit of invalided officers. But few, however, will have noticed that all these schemes refer to the ex-officer *in receipt of a pension or retired pay*. Since, however, so many officers are denied a pension on the always disputed grounds that their illness is not attributable to or aggravated by naval or military service, these schemes fail to help just the class of man who should benefit most by

them—that is, the man whom the Ministry of Pensions has refused to help.

The case of the Royal Naval Volunteer officer who is discharged as being medically unfit for further service is inexplicable. Where the Army conscript is allowed a Service gratuity—which, in view of meagre pensions, is no small consideration—the Naval volunteer is denied the grant—a piece of injustice little known to the public. Such an officer, if discharged on the familiar grounds for a cause "neither attributable to nor aggravated by Naval service" is sent away without either treatment, Service gratuity, wound gratuity, or pension. So far as the authorities care about him, he might just as well go into the workhouse.

I have dealt with the problem of the ex-officer because the situation as regards privates is ever before the public eye, and because the powerful organisations of discharged sailors and soldiers have done and continue to do a power of good. With such support as the men have they need not fear that their interests will be overlooked. It is only the ex-officer (who, by the way, is not admitted to these organisations) whose existence has been forgotten. So far as the speeches of the Ministry of Pensions are concerned, you may search in vain for any reference to ex-officers. Mr. Hodge appears to be labouring under a delusion that the officer of to-day is an aristocratic gentleman of means who does not need his sympathy and support. Let me assure him that those who lead our men so well come very often of the same stock, and very often have the same bank balance as the worthy men they lead!

The ex-officer, being denied the medium of a local pensions committee who could deal with his case, has the privilege of communicating direct with the Ministry of Pensions. But it is a very doubtful privilege. Mr. Hodge has said that every communication addressed to his Ministry was duly replied to. This is no doubt true, but—what replies! Those who have had any dealings with official departments will know these vague and procrastinating formulas written by office-boys and signed by their chiefs without even being perused. What can Mr. Hodge know about the administration of his Ministry when, together with his secretary, he is for ever touring the country making more speeches and more specious promises? He would be far better occupied nearer home, giving more concentrated attention to the admittedly complicated and difficult machinery for which he is responsible.

He could, for instance, see to it that a fixed allowance should be given to officers upon their discharge to bridge over the period between that date and the settlement of their case. This would relieve many an officer of financial anxiety at a critical period. Dozens of ex-officers have told me that upon their discharge they had scarcely a penny to tide them over till a pension or gratuity was granted them. An allowance of this kind is made to those below the rank of officers—*27s. 6d.* per week, with full children's allowances. This indicates that the authorities admit the need of such a temporary grant, but it is also another illustration of how easily the case of ex-officers is overlooked.

I do not claim to have exhausted the problem of the ex-officer, but there are sufficient points dealt with in this article which the authorities would do well to note and act upon. Let them treat the cases of shattered nerves as they would shattered limbs. Let them realise the unfairness of granting a wound gratuity in the case of an injury to an arm or leg, and denying all such grants where a man's nerves are completely broken down. Let the medical boards who "try" these cases, instead of constituting themselves a bench trying an untruthful prisoner, be composed of civilian expert neurologists. Let us have done with the trickery of illnesses that are not "attributable to or aggravated by naval or military service." Let a man who is ordered complete rest for six months be given full retired pay for that period. Let the Civil Service be combed out of its Cuthberts, and give their places to the ex-officer who is in search of employment. Let the Government keep faith with these broken heroes.

A League of Nations Again

By Austin Harrison

In Mr. Aitken's thoughtful and creative article, published in the September issue of this Review, he rightly insists that the life force conditioning any League of Nations must derive from the peoples and not from Governments, the ultimate source of all social vitality residing in the instincts and capacities of humanity, conscious and subconscious. This truth can hardly be disputed by what is literally a world in arms fighting for an associate principle of democracy. Democracy itself is, of course, a misnomer. There is and can be no such thing as democratic government as loosely understood, for every democracy is controlled by an oligarchy, whether of intellect, of interest, or of mere popularity, and the purer the democracy the greater would seem to be the authority of its oligarchy, as we have all seen in the astonishing singleness, discipline, and elasticity of the heterogeneous masses of America at war under what is nothing less than the sovereign will of the President.

It is this acceptance of oligarchical authority in America that differentiates the democracy of the New World from that of the Old, and particularly as exemplified in Britain. Take the case of conscription, which in America became law overnight, though three thousand miles of sea divided America from the theatre of war, and in no case was any motive for war put forward but that of principle. Here it took us two years, because our democracy does not accept its oligarchy, does not recognise acquiescence, is intellectually and traditionally antagonised by the very idea of authority, whether of government or of opportunity.

Applying this curious divergency of democratic form, aspiration, and expression which mark the two outstanding democracies of the existing world to the constitution of a League of European Nations, we can see at a glance the immense difficulty of any equation or sanction of democratic principle whereby the multifarious wrongs, rights, disputes, ambitions, contradictions, and counter interests of historical

feudal Europe may be brought, as it were, into a Federal life principle as the focus of a common or communal association. And that this is recognised we know by the plain refusal of the eighty-per-cent. man to recognise it. His unfailing argument is human nature; in other words, the law of possession. It is the basis of most of the so-called manly virtues. A nation has hitherto been accepted as a collective possessor, as man is an individual possessor, with rights delineated on the map, knit by a distinctive and continuous history, bound by the bonds of patriotism as glorified in language, customs, manners, dynasty and national idiosyncrasy, and often a distinctive religion, and always a past, a present, and a future to preserve intact and defend—in the name of God. The Nation State is the historical expression of the rights of possession, and so history has been a chronicle of wars, the corollary of possession being ambition, and ambition itself being not a bad definition of youth or life, and so strife and progress.

In Napoleon's time no man talked about a League of Nations because war was then an accepted right, and when the Corsican was overthrown the Holy Alliance that took his place as the arbiter of Europe assumed no other authority than that derivative of victory. The word democracy was not liked in those days. It was hated in England. Fox, who was a true democrat, was utterly worsted by Pitt, who, setting up the jointure of a European controlling kingship, unconsciously laid the foundations of the democratic rebellions of 1848, the repercussion of which we are witnessing to-day in the redressing crusade of the New World.

Without this American aid the great war would have ended in the old way on the basis of the balance of power. Nothing much really in the sum count of things would have happened. A few boundaries would have been changed. Humiliations and indignities would have been inflicted with sundry transvaluations of power, for in history life is of no account. The whole thing would have come to an end certainly by this time under the usual conflicting shouts, on the one side of "glory," on the other of "revenge," in a general peace preparatory to the next general conflagration, probably without any change of attitude towards power or the responsibility of civilisation towards war.

But to-day such an end, or, rather, return to the peace proclivities and preparations for war, can hardly be, because Europe is no longer master of her own house, of her own

dynasties, even of her own civilisations. The old feudal systems have fought themselves out, and in their place controlling, superimposing her principle of morality, America, as if continuing the work of France in 1879, has stepped in, not to destroy, but to construct. Her message is democracy, her mission is union. It was method which roused America to take up arms, not the threatened demarcations of the map of Europe, the challenge of an ambition which she felt to be an anachronism and a deathblow to democratic progress. We must accept this, as otherwise a League of Nations is merely verbiage, a tag, like "three acres and a cow"; and, if so, then what America is fighting is not Germany, not, in the historical sense, the Germans, but the Germanic idea of mastery, the German feudal system, the kultur of imperial and dynastic ambition. America is thus fighting against the attitude of the balance of power, which is the direct cause of the present struggle, and its entirely logical climax.

If this is not the fact, then America has merely come in to uphold the balance of power, in which case this war will inevitably end in the old way, with sooner or later the old consequences; but, for my part, I cannot accept this view, if only because it is contrary to the democratic law which unquestionably is the spirit of the age and in now quite a positive sense is the only hope of civilisation. Accept this view of America's intervention, and it follows that the end will not be the old way, though militarily the old may prove to be the necessary precondition of change. But that only physically or temporarily. The question is the resultant attitude of the whole, not of this or that belligerent; and this means nothing unless it implies a new thought towards war or the possessive rights of nations and empires towards one another and towards the whole. That is internationalism, and is the meaning of a League of Nations. We either attain to an accepted common principle or we fail to agree, when we shall perforce return to balance or force values. If the former, then the root sanction which must govern such progress is established; if the latter, nothing but patchwork can be accomplished.

It is here that the cynic plays a strutting part, which in times of passion make him pass for a hero. Yet in reality his position is very weak. It is every thoughtful man's duty to grapple with him. The cynic—the old man wrathful or the "propagandist"—who mocks at a League of Nations as an ideal contrary to human nature, contrary to "historical"

sense, beyond, as he would say, the range of "practical politics," in truth accepts the German point of view, which is that might is right in a nation or Empire and that the world belongs to the fittest; which is the very principle he denounces. The cynic is only a variant of the Pan-German. In both cases the Hun chemistry is the predominant. His invective of the enemy is merely inspired by interest or hate. In the American Crusade he can see nothing but a military ally come to uphold his own feudal attitude, to restore the balance of power in his favour, as against the attempted usurpation of that monopoly on the part of Germany.

The cynic would probably be right, were it not for America. The dog fight would have ended as such fights do; but to-day we have other demonstrations. Unless we are to regard the fourteen articles of faith laid down by Mr. Wilson as only another page of rhetoric, another battle-cry, like "For God and Fatherland," or "making the world safe for democracy," we have no right to question the veracity of the American President's declaration or to doubt its application when the fitting hour arrives. There is another point which the cynic overlooks, the general disillusionment of war in modern or scientific conditions, which by its very intensity and volume is a condition essentially democratic. In all former wars only the few suffered and knew, but to-day all Europe knows. Every man in every Army on the Continent sees the futility of war; recognises that men this time are right who try to stop wars; means on his return to have some say upon this matter. That is a quite new symptom. It again is international. The soldier knows that there is no glory in a machine-gun, whatever anonymous journalism may say or be told to say about it. War, which has become a business, only pays—at home. It is the grand discovery of Armageddon. Behind, war is an Eldorado of profit. In the capitalistic system war is an orgy, on credit.

For every civilian cynic of the League of Nations idea there will after the war be seventy-five soldier enthusiasts, and that in every belligerent country, and it is the spirit which America will catch. At the present moment Europe has no democratic spokesman, she has only Nation-State speakers fretting the chords of possession and passion. The democratic voice has come from the New World. We do not hear catchwords about the balance of power; we hear an idealism which is already an idea, and, unless we remain blind, we must see that it is the one constructive idea of the war.

Otherwise, Germany is right in her doctrine of force, and we are destroying one another not for an idea, but for possessions. There is no escape from this logic. Yet in this spirit not one word has come from America.

We must face this condition of American aid or we shall fall into error. If war is to be abolished as a national right, which to-day it undoubtedly is, then sanction is obviously the remedial instrument, sanction which derives from the internationalism of peoples. The law cannot effect so prodigious a change alone, as this war has decisively proved. Similarly, all arguments based upon a controlling group of nations to enforce the new law and all police machinery can only be of a temporary character, as evanescent and probably as disastrous as the experiment in control, which called itself the Holy Alliance. The establishment of a central court of compulsory arbitration would mean little in the course of time without the sanction or authority of consent, which again can clearly only be obtained by a settlement which removes the causes of discontent; which therefore guarantees the constructiveness of opportunity. And that is root. A League of Nations which set up a majority group to hold down a minority would achieve little more than a verdict. But there is also this argument to be considered, namely, its practicability. For the balance of power has changed with the elimination of Russia as a militarist Power. Any European group controlling an enemy group after this war could only hope to maintain its decisive balance by means of a continuous and intensive militarism, and even then could not aspire to retain such authority long in the absence of Russia —except with the political and military co-operation of America.

Now this raises a new problem, the extension of the European balance of power to America. Here we are brought up against the will of America, and on her decision will consequently rest absolutely the conditions of European peace. Without a militarist Russia there is no European balance of power as against Austria and Germany; that is one new condition which must influence all forcible territorial adjustments. The other is the military acceptance of European responsibility by America. The unknown quantity in all this is what use America will make of her unique, because cosmic, privilege. Further, how far America will be willing to continue such responsibility on a basis of balance of power which in no sense can be regarded as democratic?

Ultimately, America alone can decide; yet those who talk of a police and penal ring to the accompaniment of tariff walls and disabilities may well pause to consider whether, in the conditions of balance of power governed implicitly by a great democracy three thousand miles away, they are thinking practically even in the interests of the material advantage which inspires them. The truth is the balance of European power *cannot be restored militarily except through a resuscitated militarist Russia*, which seems a very remote contingency. This new condition presupposes a new orientation, even in the old sense. True, America may formally enter the balance of power, but she can only do so by the maintenance of militarism, which it is her declared purpose to remove. We are thus faced with the irrefutable logic of the war conditions, which forces us either to regard the American President's declarations as verbosity, or to treat them seriously. If the former, then the cynic is right and there will be no League of Nations; if the latter, then it would be a fatal moral mistake to pit ourselves against the spirit of the age and its controlling power.

The real problem of a League of Nations is, to my mind, not the sanction—that the soldiers will see to on their return—not the machinery, not the tribunal, not the immediate dispensation of justice, but the creation of a regularised co-operation capable of the necessary flexibility and progressiveness, which alone can give it the life of durability. Here, of course, only principles can avail, accepted principles; and here law must inevitably fail unless it be the true instrument of sanction attuned to the spirit of the times.

If the possessive right is to yield to international consent, the whole question of imperialism is engaged, and some definition must be found for what is legitimately imperialist and what not, and in this the fluctuations of life must have full latitude of consideration. For nations grow and decline. The map can never decide on a field that is not military, for the map will have less and less significance. Entirely new values of power will arise. A people would not in non-military conditions be valued by their population, as at present, but for other and higher considerations. Remove the soldiers and you eliminate patriotism as now understood, and you render all thrones anachronistic. The nations in accord together to live amicably and enforce peace, would necessarily seek other standards of greatness than that of force; the instinct of Europe would become international; rivalry would inevitably

become commercial, and that would demand the League's judgment upon the economic status and rights of imperialism.

This constitutes the real problem—imperialism, and especially does this apply to Africa and to all colonies and territories inhabited by coloured races. Yet this is civilisation's responsibility; it should be its opportunity. At least we have come to a point where some settled judgment must be substituted for the casuistry of "peaceful penetration" indulged in by the white races in the interests of capitalism; or, again, we shall not progress. There is China, and now her seeming counterpart in revolutionary and negational Russia; problems these which cannot be solved by after-dinner parables about "self-determination." A covering acceptable and accepted principle is needed determining the rights of peoples whether to destroy themselves or to destroy others. And this demands an ethic in place of policy, a doctrine not only of law, which is unavoidably static, but of sanction moving with the accommodation and growth of peoples.

The world's need, therefore, is of a common international charter. The whole question of a League of Nations turns upon the world's attitude towards the balance of power. If the settlement is dictated by reasons of power, whether preventive or punitive, obviously there will be no League of Nations, but only a group of nations in a league; but this would mean that the European balance was held by America, thus extending the balance to the Far East, thereby immediately compromising the balance of Japan, who to-day with oriental gravity is watching the rising or stagnant judgment of the West. It may not be popular to state these things, yet that should not be a deterrent. This war means something infinitely larger than the martial exhilaration of dragging Hector's body round the arena, and as it will be the American chariot that will claim the plaudits, Europe—old feudal fought-out Europe—will have to recognise that she has lost caste even in her own chosen field, and has only the old copy-books to attest to. We cannot get away from this condition, which now will be the moral of the war. In her agony Europe had to summon the New World to her help, that land of dollars and new peoples that all sanguine Europeans were wont to look down upon. And America has come in to rescue Europe from feudalism. That is the historical meaning of the war. America has embarked on a crusade of education. In the place of kings and emperors the peoples of Europe are

henceforth to be sacrosanct. The armed balance of power is to give way to the equipoise of internationalism; in other words, instead of friction, Europe is to try the New World romance of *opportunity*.

We have thus before us, to think about and fight for, a grand cosmic experiment of a kind hitherto studiously avoided—in an ethic. The cynic might easily stampede us with the cry, "but this is Christianity," were it not that the Churches proper have had nothing to do with this initiative, and, indeed, seem hardly able as yet to understand it. So that the doctrinal road seems reasonably clear. I do not think we need fear the batteries of the spiritual forces or the frown of kings, certainly not the displeasure of the soldiers. For the drum has been found to be "empty," as Tolstoi wrote of it, empty even of vanity. The alternative to an international ethic of peace is war, the continuation of world militarism, the maintenance of the balance of power policy, and there is no half-way. At present in the vortex of hate and passion we may at home decline to recognise any other symbol than the flag, but this matter ultimately will be decided by the soldiers. That is the outstanding moral factor in the world to-day. It is not the civilians, the politicians, the journalists, the orators, the holders of office, who will define the new wisdom; it is the soldiers of Europe, and their voice will almost of a certainty be in all the essentials international.

If so, then we need not fear for the final result. And that is *America's gift to Europe*. She has come, not to secure a balance, but to strike the balance, to enable the enslaved peoples of Europe to wrench themselves clear from the fetters of the old order, so that henceforth they may determine their own lot and destiny in the discipline not of masses armed and primed for war, but of a socialisation of nationhood, free for the opportunities of peace. Nor is there anything visionary about such a consummation, given the democratisation of Europe, which already we may assume to be the precondition of peace. A democratic or republican Europe would meet and agree in a way utterly impossible in feudal conditions, if only because the sacred road of intercommunication would be established in contradistinction to the secret and princely by-paths of ambition. Probably if the war lasted long enough this condition would come about automatically, as may conceivably yet be the case, by the force of combustion. The problem is not only Germany.

Russia has become the pivot of the world's difficulty, and it is the problem not of force, but of idea. That is her great significance. We shall ignore it at our peril. The world's responsibility towards Russia in her travail of re-birth may yet prove, if we are not perfectly sincere and impersonal, our own negation.

Assuming, then, that in European democratisation we have the necessary equation of internationalism or agreement in place of the old system of power balance, it follows that, as the key instrument is Parliament, so the constructive energy must lie in their sanction, which in democratic conditions derives from the peoples. The issue of this war will thus depend ultimately upon the will of the democracies of Europe; whether, that is, the volume of opinion has advanced to the creed of internationalism or still adheres to the feudal martialism of segregation. Yet quite to the old way Europe cannot return, because the old balance of power cannot be restored. At least in that respect the war has placed a corrective. And that will become increasingly apparent the closer the problems at issue are considered; whether the case be Poland, the creation of a Cheko-Slovak Empire, or the restoration of the Rhine provinces to France. For *power* conditions will necessitate *power control*, which control has passed to America. Already, then, we may say that the balance of European power has become cosmic, not only in its responsibility, but in its physical application, that is, international; and that, too, is an advance. It will prove the turning scale, and test, at the Peace Conference.

There would seem, therefore, no cause to jeer at the possibility of a League of Nations, if only because of the truly frightful prospect of the only conceivable alternative. The world has entered the war for the declared motive of preventing wars; its objective is thus perfectly clear, and is essentially a moral one, and the settlement, unless it is to be a mockery of all the principles inspiring the Allied association, will necessarily take the form, not of an old, but of a new, order; of construction rather than of destruction. It will be a strange world, then, that omits to seek a remedy; which, having fought itself to death, does not endeavour to reconstruct itself with some chance of peace on a genuine foundation of opportunity. For that in sum is the need of civilisation, granted the acceptance of the governing principle, and any settlement which left Europe with a sense of victimisation or structural wrong could only be of a temporary nature, all the

more intense if the resented impositions were upheld by forces not integrally European—a standpoint this not generally appreciated off the Continent, affecting in no small degree the neutrals.

The immediate question is whether Europe will have to learn her lesson in its entirety from America, or can rouse herself above the rampart soliloquies of political grandiloquence addressed rather to the peoples behind them than to the world at large, to intelligent co-operation in the work of international construction and opportunity, which alone can restore to us our liberties and our dreams and our cultural sanity.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

A NEW increase in the price of printing and the increasing price of paper forces THE ENGLISH REVIEW to raise its price to 1s. 6d., beginning with the November issue. At the same time we would call the attention of all our readers to the necessity of placing their orders either direct at this Office or at their usual bookstalls and bookshops owing to the no-return order, which practically cuts out the chance sale.

The Annual Subscription, starting with the November issue, will be 18s., post free to all parts of the world, and Half-Yearly, 9s.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW,
19, GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

The Turn of the Tide

By Miles

THE military situation has now changed definitely in our favour, at the hour of the greatest crisis in the war and with a suddenness almost miraculous. It is clear that the Germans started out on their offensive campaign under a complete delusion regarding our potential reserves, in particular those of America. Ludendorff—for he apparently was responsible for the offensive calculation, not Hindenburg—probably reckoned on the destruction of so large a number of the Allied forces as to neutralise the American aid, which, again, it seems now certain, he discounted as a military asset this summer. And so reckoning, he struck.

No doubt his spectacular successes in March and against the French led him to ignore the "unknown quantity," which in this case was Marshal Foch's reserves. And this accounted for his long waits, thereby giving us time to re-form, repair, and fill up the gaps. Ludendorff acted with almost incredible disregard for all the rules of strategy. Instead of following up his initial successes (as Foch rightly has done), he dawdled, struck out eccentrically, aimed at a political strategy (on Paris) to enforce his "true" strategy, and left two great salients with exposed flanks. The Germans had not utilised the long waits to entrench themselves, and as the fighting men of the Armies had been taken out to be trained as "storming troops," he had greatly weakened his all-round defence. This was our opportunity. Marshal Foch hit the Germans with an admirable precision on their weak flank, and driving the blow home, upset the entire German plan and regained the initiative, which, unlike Ludendorff, he made immediate use of all along the line, at each blow further discomfiting the embarrassed enemy.

Military history will discuss Ludendorff's refusal to press home his victory in March probably to the end of time. Obviously it was the game. He had only ten miles to go to secure what must have been a decision imperilling the whole of our northern position and the major part of our armies; but as yet there would seem no explanation, unless it be that

he had ruled out all possibility of American help, and thought by a series of methodical blows to shatter the Allies' *moral*.

Marshal Foch, of course, knew to a man what aid in fresh troops he could count upon. He acted with consummate coolness of judgment. He was thus able to draw safely upon his own troops of defence, to prepare his counter-attack, to let the enemy have every inch of the rope before striking. Ludendorff's waits gave Marshal Foch a sheer unrivalled opportunity, for every week of delay made the Allies stronger. And so when the counter-attack came, it caught the Germans unprepared. The Tanks demoralised them, the numbers appalled them. The Germans have never yet recovered from their great "surprise."

Will they recover? That is the problem now of the war. Or we ought perhaps to say, can they? If they are able to re-stabilise their lines, then we may have another "sitting" winter, but the Germans will have the Americans to face before they can bless the saving rain and mud, and the Americans are "green" troops and can be drawn on practically indefinitely.

October should therefore be the great fighting month of this year. It is very important to prevent the Germans from sitting down; on their part they will have to put up their own defeated, shaken, and badly war-worn troops against hundreds of thousands of the finest men from America. To the Germans it will be a test of *moral*, a very important test, because if they fail then we can count upon an automatic and continuous result. But they may not fail, in which case by next spring they may largely have regained their fighting spirit.

The German object will certainly be to force upon us the parallel battle. They will summon to their aid all the engineering devices of defence known, in which no doubt water will play a prominent part. And probably they will go back to a shorter line, if they can, in stages, but their rate of retirement will depend upon the intensity of the force compelling "fluidity."

This is not the time to make predictions. So long as the Germans are able to conduct the defensive war upon foreign soil, they must be held to be successful, and this naturally will be the German objective. Ground to-day represents less and less, militarily, though few people at home realise this. To give an example, the writer received a letter from General Sir Ian Hamilton in April, in which he said: "God has deli-

vered the enemy into our hands, as Cromwell said at Dunbar. By coming away from their entrenchments, they have exposed themselves to strategical attack, and they will be worsted." Those words at the time seemed preposterous to any man who looked at the map. But they have proved prophetic, and we must remember this.

The geography favours them. The more they shorten the front, the stronger they become and the better their communications. Yet this, again, may in the new conditions prove merely theoretic, because *all* now with the Germans depends upon *moral*.

Our vital advantage is the regular flow of *fresh* troops from America, whereas Germany has no such human reservoir. Guns, even machine-guns, are dependent upon the men who serve them. If they give, the weapons are useless. And that is the military problem of the hour, which the next six weeks will solve. We shall either find the Germans giving way with a decreasing *moral*, so that our attacks become less costly and more precise, or we shall be brought up against a recovery—and the winter. Almost inevitably, therefore, the fighting will continue, because it would be clearly bad strategy on our part to relax the hold we now have for the first time on the enemy's vitals. At the same time we might overdo our pressure, and thereby play the enemy's game. If his strategy is movement and he can control that movement, we may find our pursuing operations too expensive. And that will be Marshal Foch's problem. He has to discover the extent of the enemy's demoralisation, and to make up his mind exactly what is worth gaining and what not, as preparation for the general attack next spring. Next year's fighting may even depend upon the next three months' operations and their losses.

So the summer closes with the advantage radiantly and definitively in our favour, for the Germans must henceforth act on the defensive. That, to them, is the end of their military ambitions. It remains to be seen how far they can steel themselves to continue a struggle which can only have a negative objective.

That will depend largely upon our statesmanship, which, as the balance of strategy, should enter into play as the reason of the soldier on the tide of victory. These next two months will be consequently of enormous moment to the world militarily and politically. And both are at this stage inseparably interlocked.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

A Schoolmaster's Diary. By S. P. B. Mais. Grant Richards, Ltd. 6*s.* net.

Following on the books by boys on their schools, these notes of revelation from the pen of a schoolmaster are a fitting compendium. The author is evidently of the new school, naturally a rebel, and inclined to literary work. He is extraordinarily like a public schoolboy himself. This we see in his indiscriminate enthusiasms and literary rhapsodies and boyish ingenuousness about life. Many boys must have loved him. His criticisms do not go very deep, for they are more in the nature of flashes than a quiet method; but, on the whole, they bear out to the full the sentence passed on our public schools by the boys—namely, that these places are curiously unintellectual, teach boys to play games, but not to work, and in many instances are destructive of soul, originality, and the intellectual habit. He describes the impossibility of getting the boys to read, the amateurishness of all training in literature, history, and the meaning of history. His whole book is a human cry for reform. Has Mr. Fisher in his new Bill reformed these places? The answer is "No." The problem, therefore, remains: What are we going to do about our public schools?

FICTION

The Sheep-fold. Laurence Housman. Duckworth. 6*s.* net.

Whether Mr. Laurence Housman's book is most romance, biography, or exegesis does not matter; the great thing is that he has presented us with a singularly beautiful and well-rounded life-story, entirely credible and full of verisimilitude, even in its coincidences. Jane's story, he tells us, is true but obscure, certain salient lights on her curious history remain, but the intimate comprehension of a rare and delightful character must be mainly artistic intuition; and here the author has proved himself an ideal biographer. Mother Jane's life reads like one of Mr. Masefield's squalid epics come true; full of happenings, honesty, and laughter, this rare child of the people sees God and shows Him forth; suffers, triumphs, and dies, unspoiled and unswerving from her own sweet common sense. Life leads her in strangely dark and tragic places; she does and suffers terrible things—a crank, if you like—but such a crank as her setter-forth most delightfully shows us how to love.

Mrs. Bente. By C. E. Lawrence. Collins. 6*s.* net.

This story, with a modern curate and a vulgar scheming wanton as protagonists, might have been a cynically amusing book had Mr. Lawrence so chosen; as it is, it occupies the middle ground between comedy and tragedy, and anxiety is the deepest emotion it evokes; yet as a sober and unexaggerated study the story is remarkably well done, the

East-end clergy house and the suburban pretentiousness of the second parish are well and wittily observed, and the contest of ideals and temperaments works quite without creaking; but somehow one is glad that the climax does not come off, for fear that poor Bente would have bungled it. The author deserves high praise for sustained workmanship upon such unresponsive material.

THE ANCHOR. By M. T. H. SADLER. Constable. 6*s*. net.

Mr. Sadler is one of a brilliant band of younger writers who will have nothing to do with glamour; had he written the story of Romeo and Juliet we should have thoroughly enjoyed all the little idiosyncrasies of the Montagus and the Capulets. We should have half recognised most of them as real and delightfully laughable persons, with a hope that they would not resort to the private bravo in return. Romeo would have displayed a sensitive knowledge of the art movements of his day and a profound distrust of his own worthiness—a tinge of the Dane, in fact. Juliet would have heard all about the other lady in the case, and the lovers would not have bungled into tragedy. The incidents would have happened with a difference, and the hero and heroine would not stand for ever upon a pinnacle of adorable remoteness, but would pass from one's mind as personages, extraordinarily like ourselves, who moved in a vivid and varied set of surroundings glittering with delightful irony and happy criticism. "The Anchor" is one of those books which leaves one with a desire for more from this admirable competency.

FIVE TALES. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. W. Heinemann. 6s. net.

In these tales the bent and genius of Mr. Galsworthy excel; they are also interesting examples of the potentiality of the English story. For they have all the length and detail of the novel, and yet they are complete things with the dramatic end of the story, not overspun, not too short. All of them arrest, some of them thrill, and certainly the two dealing with the law possess the excitement of a detective story. As studies of human nature, each one stands out with its separate focus and interest, yet clearly they all belong to a whole or single criticism of life, and this forms their intellectual attraction. In the "First and the Last" Mr. Galsworthy is at his best, because here he is most detached, the true interpreter, understanding, yet himself coldly aloof. This lawyer type is admirable. Here the author is judge. This volume reveals Mr. Galsworthy in a somewhat new and harder form, as a man whom clearly the war has touched and expanded, and is a brilliant performance.

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*Pelmanism

An Enquiry and a Report

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

M.A. (Oxon.), M.A. (Camb.), Litt.D. (Bristol), King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature, Cambridge.

I.

When the Directors of the Pelman Institute were good enough to ask me to examine their System and report on it, I had already put aside much of the polite incredulity one keeps in stock for "systems," "cures," new religions, and other much-advertised wares; and I had done this on the instance of friends—of one in particular, a hard-headed, and in these days hard-working, organiser, who, having taken the Pelman Course seriously, preached it with conviction. Of "testimonials," abundant enough and signed with eminent names, I had read very few, and, since beginning my own enquiry, have carefully refrained from studying them or comparing them with my opinion as I formed it.

My process has been—

(1) to study the twelve Pelman "Grey Books";

(2) to put myself through a number of the prescribed exercises, especially such as bore relation to my own studies; then

(3) having made notes on some doubtful points, to interview several of the Pelman staff and ask a number of questions; finally

(4) to return to the books and exercises and apply some further tests.

In this process I had, in spite of my friends, to lay account with a prejudice and with a suspicion.

The prejudice was, that on my hazy recollection of its advertisements, the System seemed to hold out to its votaries a promise of "success" in life. Now "success" in life is an extremely vague term; and, so far as my observation went, it no sooner began to be defined in manuals and guides for human conduct than it took shape at the best as something commercial or (as an old Greek would have put it) "chrematistic," and at the worst as something quite sordid. Those who have happened upon a small book published some few years ago under the pleasing title "Get On or Get Out" will know what I mean.

My suspicion was that the Pelman System promised a way of dispensing with hard work. Now I have practised my own calling long enough—as I have in one way and another been connected with education long enough—to feel sure upon one point amid many doubtful ones; that no good comes of any mental training which dispenses with hard work or fails to take hard work into account as not only necessary as a means, but in itself desirable.

* *This article is published by The Pelman Institute, 4, Bloomsbury Street, W.C. 1, sole proprietors of the copyright.*

For example, a number of theorists of late have taken to railing against the study of Greek and Latin for what they call "the drudgery of the classics." Now if these writers were content to point out (*a*) that as at present taught in the most of our schools, a great part of that drudgery is aimless and therefore deadening to the intelligence, and (*b*) that much of it can be discarded to make room and time for *useful* drudgery, they would be doing a public service. But drudgery *of some sort* there must be (and a great deal of it) in mastering languages so difficult and literatures at once so grand and so subtle as those of Greece and Rome. You can no more become a classical scholar than a knowledgeable farmer without—can no more write a good book than you can sow and reap a harvest field—without drudgery; and if you could, in my opinion it would be a pity, or rather an absurdity; for "success" means doing something difficult, and doing it well, or at any rate better than an ordinary, careless man does it; doing it (let us say) in obedience to a sense of perfection.

II.

Now in answer to my first prejudice, I find the Pelman instructors stating explicitly that success to them means "any kind of success"—"the success of the student and scholar just as much as that of the merchant."

> We shall take up no partizan standpoint as to those teachers who make money-getting and success synonymous terms; to us success is the striving to achieve a great purpose, as well as actual achievement, *and great purposes are always relative to the mind that conceives them.*
>
> The italics are mine.
>
> A grocer's assistant who hopes and strives for a big shop of his own in ten years' time is moved by a great purpose just as surely as an astronomer who is determined to solve the mystery of sun-spots, or a pathologist who wills to discover a cure for cancer.
>
> Again,
>
> "I want success."
>
> No doubt, but that is not an *aim;* it is a *wish.* An aim is a definite thing, a clear-cut idea with hard outlines—not a general notion. You want success. But what kind of success? Money? Fame? Learning? Unless you know exactly what you want you are hardly likely to have the energy to work for it. . . .
>
> The office man, the poet, and prose writer are all ambitious; only the end is different. Of course, some critics would avow that poetry and high prose are nobler pursuits than mere worldly positions; but to discuss the comparative values of occupations is no part of our work in these lessons. So long as an ambition is worthy, it does not matter much what other people think about it.

The above paragraphs might have been composed expressly to meet my personal prejudice. I hold, of course, that to build a great poem is a nobler and more difficult success than to accumulate a great pile

of money; but have consistently maintained for years (on Education Committees and elsewhere)—

(*a*) that "great purposes are always relative to the mind that conceives them";

(*b*) that, as a corollary, there is nothing more fatuous than a man's indulgence in intellectual pride merely on the claim that his mark is set high, without proof that he has worked for it at least as diligently as his fellow who sets his mark lower;

(Although, for example, as a teacher of English I would encourage my pupils to attempt poetry of their own if only as helping them to be critics, I find few things more despicable than the superfine contempt for commerce and vulgar trades, expressed or implicit, in the talk of some poetasters. Intellectual pride, even when warranted, has a touch of snobbishness and vulgarity or coarseness of mind; but intellectual pride with nothing to show for passport is the devil—and usually covers idleness or incompetence or both.)

(*c*) that up to a certain point education has no call to specialise, but should work for a mental efficiency which should carry every one to the cross-roads at which the vocations call him to choose and follow his road.

It is, if you will, a heresy; but it is a belief of mine that, as every child in this realm will be a voter, every child should participate in a "liberal education" and be trained, so far as time allows, to think for himself; which is the only true way of freedom. But (ever the less disputable question), I am *sure* that every child should be trained *on a general method of training the individual mind.* To put it roughly, there can be and should be discovered a method by which any two given children will alike and within their capacity equally benefit before they separate: A. to become a bricklayer, B. to matriculate at Oxford or Cambridge. The rules may thereafter differ for one and the other, but I suspect they will remain the same in principle.

The Pelman System therefore promised to me to be sound, in that it at once allowed for the relativity of the aim to the individual and yet was not afraid to claim for all human acts and occupations a common mental stock, in which the sap can be strengthened and carried up to improve widely divergent branches of efficiency. To take an illustration only—initiative, memory, once established, may be modified to the service of a statesman, an artist, a professor, or a man of business, but in its "quiddity" will prove of the highest value to all four. In theory I know this to be sound. It removed my first prejudice. Still, it remained to be proved that the Pelman System could much improve, in practice, upon other educational methods.

III.

This brings me to my second prejudice or suspicion. I was afraid of a trick, a catch, a nostrum for saving hard work.

Let me say at once that there is no catch at all in the system. Let me add that although it undoubtedly saves time—most remarkably saves time—it encourages, even demands, application and hard work.

To go back to the cultivation of memory—of which I spoke above—for an illustration. All processes of memorising are trick-work if you choose to call them so. "Thirty days hath September" is trick-work—yet is as useful as it is venerable. So the doggrel for "common nouns" in the old *Public School Latin Grammar* was trick-work—

"Common are to either sex,
Artifex and opifex," etc.

So is the time-honoured *Barbara Celarent* formula of the old logic books. So are the graceless formulæ in which young men at Oxford and Cambridge summarise the miracles proper to St. Matthew's Gospel or Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*. So were the jingles by aid of which our childhood learnt the kings and queens of England in their succession—

"William and Mary next came to the throne,
When Mary was dead, there was William alone."

The Pelman Institute has learnt of these devices and has improved on them. But there is no catch. All it does (I speak for the moment of memorisation only) is to get at the principles underlying these formulæ and improve them *scientifically*.

Let me explain. Man has always known and employed these and other adventitious aids to memory. I suppose, for example, he had scarcely invented the useful handkerchief before he took to tying knots in it to remind him to keep an engagement or fulfil some trifling commission; and in days before handkerchiefs, a pebble slipped into his hunting-pouch would answer the same purpose. The value of verbal assurances, tags, jingles, burthens, clichés was understood by the oldest bards, who had to carry long poems in their heads to recite them. Our very alphabet is derived from memorising hieroglyphics, and is nowadays turned back into others in spelling-books which profess to teach "reading without tears." I suppose, again, that almost every public man, having a long speech to make, arranges it beforehand under "heads," and connects these by some *catena* to guide him through.

Even in the long-ago days when I read Mental Philosophy, these phenomena and arcana of the human memory had been explored and rationalised and pretty thoroughly classified. Psychologists divided and subdivided the general law of "Association of Ideas" according to their talent for refinement, and we learned to distinguish nicely the sub-laws of Contiguity, of Similarity, of Repetition—successive writers had accumulated illustrations of these—as Poe had taught us to see it in operation in that famous *locus classicus*, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." Tentatively, educational reformers tried to apply it here and there in practice. But the practice, lagging far behind theory, remained casual, partial, haphazard, without system or anything like system.

This is the simple "discovery" of Pelmanism. It is not capricious; it elaborates no tricks; but it elaborates well-ascertained and (believe me) quite ancient and respectable "laws" into a *definite, practical system*.

I am bound to say here—still dealing strictly with memory-training—that some of the practical tests amazed me, who avow myself to have one of the worst memories in the world. For example, No. 4 of the "Little Grey Books" includes a list of 115 words—concrete and abstract nouns, verbs, and adjectives as various as "photographer," "cat," "Africa," "soft," "blue," "eagle," "coat," "monument," "pina-

fore," "punish," "motor-car," "sundial," "deep"—and strings them together on a *catena,* which you are invited to rationalise for yourself. I read the list through twice pretty carefully, closed the book, and repeated the list to myself with the one bad error of omitting a block of 39 words through over-hastily "jumping" a clue. Aware that something was amiss I opened the book, found where I had run off the rails, closed the book, and this time went through the list without a mistake. The small experiment took twenty minutes from start to finish, and without another look at the list I gave it some eight hours later to a friend, who checked me through it. This time I omitted one word of the 115 and altered "small" into "little." In the same booklet is a connected list of the 36 Latin substantives in *is* which refuse to follow the rule and be feminine. In ten minutes a middle-aged memory had them at better command than they used to obey answering the old jingle of the Latin Grammar—

"*Amnis, axis, canis, collis*"—

or whatever it was. I have experimented with some of the later and more elaborate exercises and find the results, though attained less rapidly, no less surprising.

IV.

Here I postpone for a while to mention what seems to me the main hope of the Pelman System, in a fear to encourage a mistake which I shared with others; the mistake of supposing that it aims only at training the *memory*. That it started with this for its main purpose seems pretty clear to an enquirer who follows through these booklets its reasoned account of itself. But to the enquirer it is even more obvious that Pelmanism, making sure of its ground and feeling its strength, is pushing its claims a great deal further.

Indeed, if we once admit Pelmanism to be a system (1) scientifically based on its principles, and (2) working successfully—not to say working wonders—in practice, there is no reason at all why it should stop at training the memory. Every reason, rather, why it should go on to assert itself over the whole field of mental training, and, yet further, to offer its help in the formation of character. Let me glance along one line of this development and show how inevitably step follows step.

(1) We start with memory-training pure and simple. Lesson 1 tells us that "the faculty of memory comprises three stages—impression, retention, and recollection, and if any one of these three factors is impaired, the memory is in a corresponding degree affected. . . . *Ease of recollection depends more upon the strength and vividness of the first impression than upon any other factor.*"

(2) But, for this, we must train our senses to observe strongly and accurately. "When sensations are weak or inaccurate, our knowledge also will be weak and inaccurate, from which it follows that memory also will be confused" (Lesson 3).

(3) This demands mental Concentration.

(4) But Concentration is at once—with practice confirming itself into habit—the secret of Will, of Will-power, and consequently of Character (Lesson 5).

Thus a system which starts with memories comes quite logically, and by an application of the same principles, to extend itself to a training in ethics.

In the training of the will, as in the training of the memory, Pelmanism has no nostrum to offer. Here again its "discovery" consists in organising, combining, and *applying* discovered principles, some of them many hundreds

of years old, if not old as the hills. Indeed, by nothing in the system is the enquirer more pleasantly disappointed than by its freedom from rawness. If a precept or a method accord with right principles, and if it pass the test of practice better than others, the Pelman teachers think none the worse of it for being old. For an instance, figures (as everyone knows) being far more difficult to memorise than words, Pelmanism, like every other system of memory-training, has recourse to substituting words for figures by means of a Figure Alphabet; and its teachers are quite content to use one that happens to be more than two hundred years old, choosing it out of a number of rival devices for the simple and sufficient reasons that experience has shown it to be the most adaptable, and they do not profess themselves able to invent a better. So with *character-training*, one may describe their method, or a considerable part of it, as Aristotle's *Ethics* turned into practice. Certainly every true Aristotelian will subscribe to the following maxims and propositions:—

> "*Right thinking and right feeling lead to right willing.* To think in the right way, and with a due measure of emotion, is the true road to right action. . . . The modern craze of making the Will a separate something that can be made big and strong like a biceps muscle, is altogether wrong."
>
> "We used the word habit just now—and it contains the whole truth about the Will. We are, in reality, bundles of habits, some of them are based on strong principles, and some are merely ways of doing things that do not depend upon rigid rule."
>
> "Resistance and aggression are the negative and positive aspects of habit considered in its relation to will-power, and the strength of these activities is determined by practice. Since will is action, skill in action can only come from practice in action."
>
> "The way to overcome any sort of evil, by which we mean the 'undesirable,' is not to fight the evil, but to develop the opposite quality. Fear is conquered by practising courage; cynicism by practising charity. . . . Success depends on practice."

All this is sound doctrine; but in a system primarily designed for adults (and on this I shall have more to say presently) the student is wisely left without formal exercises in will-training, and rather encouraged to master the principles and, upon them, to practise in the direction where he desires to succeed; though excellent practical hints are given for overcoming certain of the commoner human frailties.

On part of the enquiry, let me plead that even if, at my time of life, I started upon exercises that aimed to improve my character, it would obviously be immodest in me to report satisfactory results.

The system also includes—or, I should rather say, has added to itself—a series of lessons on physical culture, prepared by Mr. Eustace Miles. On this branch of its enterprises I cannot speak with any pretence to authority. My own life has been so fortunately placed as to provide me with plenty of physical fitness for my mental wants (real or supposed); and for those who can command it, I believe the free open-air activities of rowing, sailing, digging, wood-cutting, riding, and walking to be better than any "set" exercises, invaluable as these may be to the town-dweller.

Therefore I have confined my experiments almost entirely to that side of the system which deals with Mind and Memory Training.

V.

Let me summarise my conclusions upon this, the original and still the most highly-developed side of Pelmanism.

(1) The Pelman System is a real "system," and not a haphazard collection of Educational tricks and notions. It is a "live" invention, which means that it is a growing one, and does not pretend to be complete and perfect as yet. Being experimental, it will no doubt

push out a few shoots of which it will repent as excrescences. But it has unity of design.

(2) This design is not patterned upon freak discoveries, but rests upon known and tried "laws" of psychology, some of them known for many hundreds of years. Its basal principles are sound, well-tried, and "scientific."

(3) Its worth as a "discovery"—or its main worth—lies in its application of tried principles to practice.

(4) Guided (I should add) by a clear sense that the human faculties, as they have a common root, are amenable, in a far higher degree than is usually supposed, to common methods of improvement. The system is a "large" system; it boldly ignores conventional hierarchies in our pursuits, admits the difference (say) between astronomy and everyday life, but says, "Here is a gymnastic which will help your mind, whether you be an astronomer or a merchant or a merchant's clerk."

(5) It is at once a "first aid" and a discipline. It saves time—in some ways almost magically—but it demands concentration, and must be taken seriously.

(6) Its process is at once "educative"—it draws out the student's own faculties, helping him to help himself—and constructive. It builds habits, of mind as of character.

(7) Its "exercises" are searching, and the answers to the questions have to be written down succinctly; which in itself is an exercise, and a valuable one, in mental training.

(8) The staff of the Institute appears to consist of enthusiasts who thoroughly believe in the system and take great pains.

(9) The system does not claim a province of its own in education, to be cultivated separately. It is not a branch of knowledge; but offers itself as an *instrument,* ancillary to students in all branches.

(10) Its methods, being sound (so far as I can judge) and alive, are still in the growth; and seem to me capable of being used by the State whose rising we hope to see, after this war, and used to its great advantage.

VI.

For Pelmanism would appear to have originated as a training for adults—in a search to improve the faculties of those whom early education had left aware of its inadequacy and conscious of a will, and even of a power, to retrieve much wasted time—if only the will could be directed and the power, late in life, taught to follow the desire. At the end of my enquiry into the Pelman methods, and not until then, I turned over a pile of "testimonials" of which, as I sorted them out, the burden seemed to be, "If only I had known of this ten—or twenty—years ago!"

Now this war has switched the activities of a great many of us on to lines for which we had not been previously trained. We had to take up with a sudden job—say of organising the economics of a country district or of coping with a rush of recruits, forming them into a battalion, billeting them, feeding and clothing them, hurriedly learning the elements of drill, the formation and evolutions of squads, platoons, companies, and so on. Middle-aged men, even those accounted to be generally capable, found themselves of a sudden almost as helpless as children. I remember standing years ago on the platform of a local railway station and being asked by a friend as we watched a small tug-engine shunting a train of trucks, if, supposing myself transported to a planet where the inhabitants knew nothing of steam locomotives, I could, out of my knowledge, teach them to construct even so primitive a machine. Well, I owned that I could not, and in those days it did not seem to matter. But I have lived to feel myself humiliated by the pains

it cost me to remember the faces of a platoon, to give each man his name, and to perspire and shiver on parade in frantic efforts to remember the words of command if the General inspecting should happen to require certain quite simple evolutions. For middle-aged men, subjected to such trials, the Pelman System is invaluable.

But I do not believe in middle-aged men—I have seen too many of them, and I am far more deeply concerned with the young; and it seems to me that the future of the Pelman System concerns the young. I would far rather see it vivifying their minds than rejuvenating ours. And I see no reason on earth why it should not. Its principles, if I understand them, should be studied by all teachers and school-inspectors, and worked into that scheme of national education which, through the Education Act of 1902 and through Mr. Fisher's new Education Act, we are still pursuing.

For—be it observed—the system intrudes no claim upon the school time-table, to protect which is the constant practical difficulty of all men who seek to reconcile education with common sense. It raises no new stumbling-block in the way of hard-driven teachers, which is the trouble with nine suggestions out of every ten offered by well-meaning theorists. It introduces no new subject, but a modification of old methods, and this modification is all the while *saving time* while it increases efficiency.

The real answer, then, to the ejaculation so persistently recurrent in the testimonials—"If only I had known of this ten years ago!"—would seem to be, "Sir, it is a great pity for us, to be sure; but can we not see to it that our children are luckier?" The omens are not unfavourable. The public has a far more open mind about education to-day than it had when Froebel and Pestalozzi fought against ridicule, and phonetics were mainly matter for mirth. We need not plume ourselves upon this; we need not even lay stress on the labours by which a few men and women, devoted, unselfish, neglected, and underpaid, working for the love of the thing, have helped to bring it about. We may attribute it mainly, if we will, to nothing better than general uneasiness; a vague, unscientific sense, outcome of this war, that a great many things must be wrong somehow and somewhere—somewhere inside us, or at least as deep down as our mental underclothing; and that education, with its old, taken-for-granted, consecrated, but essentially capricious methods, is at least likely to be one of them. However we account for it, the fact is with us. More than twelve years ago a General Election was fought upon an issue connected with education. It was a thoroughly unreal issue, and the connection accidental, if not irrelevant. Still, the mere fact that people could be sufficiently interested even in the name and shadow of the thing, to lose their tempers or call one another names about it was—to any one able, with or without Pelmanic aid, to tell off the *ex-officio* members of the "Board" of Education—decidedly hopeful. The great party which came back to power on that issue had no obstinate determination to redeem its pledges; as any one may assure himself by recollecting—again with or without Pelmanic aid—the names of the politicians successively advanced since 1906 to preside over the Board. At length in 1918 we have a President chosen because he knows something of Education, and the chief measure of a Session really deals with the subject and carries improvements some way, while explicitly ignoring all the contentious rubbish of 1906! If this does not show that people are awakening to an interest, at least, in education, I will turn to instance Pelmanism itself and its promises. Twelve years ago advertisement, though raised to the *n*th term, would never have availed to sell anything in the shape of mental improvement; in Froebel's day a million of money would not have pushed Froebel's wares.

Pelmanism has been fortunate in hitting the moment; but it is, I am convinced, no thing of a moment. It has growth in itself; its methods can be extended; here and there (I expect) they will be modified and improved as time goes on. But Pelmanism, or some derivative of Pelmanism, will have to be introduced into our national system as we take Education more and more seriously; for it has the very root of the matter.

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PRINTED IN GT. BRITAIN BY R. CLAY AND SONS, LTD., BRUNSWICK ST., STAMFORD ST., LONDON, S.E. 1, AND PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911) LTD., 19 GARRICK ST., LONDON, W.C. 2.
ADVERTISING OFFICES: 19 GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C. 2.
REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.